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THE WAR OF THE EAST.

ARTICLE III. — *The Hopes.*

WE have pondered the *spirit* by which the various actors in the tragedy of the Oriental war are moved, and the various motives of *right* by which each endeavours to obtain for his own cause the suffrages of Europe. But where will the fearful conflict land in the ultimate catastrophe? In truth our poor little bark is tempted to turn prow and fly from among the rocks where it seems to behold a certain shipwreck! Still, how escape when all are conjecturing, prognosticating, predicting? Created for immortality, man is so crazy to launch himself into the future, that you see often even the wise taken in by the horoscopes of the astrologer, the oracles of a pythoness, the palm-reading of a gipsy or the dreams of a female visionary; and the Sybil *Le Normand* imposed, not once or twice, they say, on the unprejudiced *Napoleon*; and the famous *Crudner* had no small part in the destinies of Europe, leading by the nose (with reverence be it said) the most liberal and triumphant Alexander. In such a rage to know the future, we cannot accuse our readers of indiscretion, if they demand some food for their curiosity in our periodical. First, then, we recur to political *documents* and *conjectures*; next, to *predictions* and *prophecies* (if you please to call them so).

I. *Documents and conjectures political.* — The first of these in importance is that political testament of Peter the Great, which, published for the first time in 1836 by Gaillardet, from authentic documents (they say) drawn from the archives of Paris, acquires to-day an appearance of much greater authenticity by the silence of those who ought to disclaim it, as well as by the confirmation of recent facts. It was the Chev. *Eon* who furnished a copy of it to Bernis, minister of foreign affairs, and to Louis XV in 1757.

Copy of the plan of European dominion left by Peter the Great to his successors on the throne of Russia, and deposited in the archives of the palace of Peterhoff near St. Petersburg.

"In the name of the S.S. &c., We, Peter, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, &c., to all our descendants and successors in the throne and government of the Russian nation.

"The great God from whom we have our existence and our crown, having constantly illuminated us by His lights and sustained us by His divine aid," &c.

"Here Peter I lays down that, according to his views, which he believes to be those of Divine Providence, he regards the Russian people as destined in future to the general dominion of Europe. He founds this opinion on the fact, that in his judgment, the European nations are for the most part arrived at a state of old age approaching to decrepitude, and that they are rapidly advancing to that consummation. Whence it follows that they ought to be easily and undoubtedly conquered by a young and new people, when this last shall have acquired its full force and growth.

"The Russian Monarch regards this future invasion of the countries of the West and East, on the part of the North, as a periodical movement decreed by the Providence, which regenerated in this manner, he says, the Roman people by the invasion of the Barbarians. He compares these emigrations of the Polar populations to the overflow of the Nile, which at certain seasons enriches with its slime the exhausted lands of Egypt. He adds that Russia, which he found a little canal and will leave a great river, will become under his successors a great sea, destined to fecundate sterile Europe; that its waves will overflow in spite of all the dykes that feeble arms can oppose to them, if his successors know how to direct their course. Wherefore he leaves the following instructions, and recommends their constant attention and observance, as Moses recommended the tables of the Law to the people of Israel.

1. "To maintain the Russian nation in a state of continual war, to keep its soldiers warlike and exercised; not to let them repose except to improve the finances of the State; to renew the armaments and choose the opportune moments for the attack: thus to make peace serve war, and war peace, in the interests of the aggrandizement and increasing prosperity of Russia.

2. "To invite by all possible means from all the instructed nations of Europe, captains during war, *savans* in peace, to make the Russian nation profit by the advantages of other countries without losing any of its own.

3. "To take part, at every opportunity, in the affairs and quarrels of Europe, of whatever sort, and specially in those of Germany, which being nearest, interests Russia most directly.

4. "To divide Poland by fomenting continual disturbances and rivalries there, to gain the powerful nobles by gold, to influence the diets, to corrupt them, so as to have an active part in the election of the kings; to nominate their own partisans, to protect them, to send Russian troops into the country, and to find an excuse for remaining there altogether. If the neighboring Powers oppose difficulties, to quiet them for the moment, by dividing the country until what has been thus given may be taken back.

5. "To take as much territory as possible from Sweden, and to continue it so as to be attacked by her, in order to have a pretext for subjugating her. With that view to isolate her from Denmark, and Denmark from Sweden, and to carefully stimulate their rivalries.

6. "Always to take wives for the Russian Princes among the Princesses of Germany, to multiply family alliances, to bind our interests together, and unite Germany, of itself, to our cause, and multiply our influence in that quarter.

7. "To seek by preference the alliance of England by commerce, as that power has the greatest need of us for its navy, and can be most useful for the increase of ours. To change our timber and other products for its gold, and establish between its merchants, its sailors, and ours, constant relations which will form our country to trade and seamanship.

8. "To extend ourselves incessantly towards the North, along the Baltic, as towards the South, along the Black Sea.

9. "TO APPROACH AS NEAR AS WE CAN TO CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE INDIES. He who reigns there will be sovereign of the world. Consequently to excite continual wars, now with the *Turks*, now with the *Persians*; to form posts on the Black Sea; to obtain by degrees the mastery of that Sea, as of the Baltic, which is a double point necessary to the success of the design; to hasten the decay of Prussia; to penetrate even to the Persian gulf, to establish, if possible, with

Syria the ancient commerce of the Levant, and advance to the Indies, which are the store-house of the world. That point gained, the gold of England can be dispensed with.

10. "Carefully to seek and maintain an alliance with Austria; to appear to support her ideas of future dominion over Germany, and to excite against her, underhandedly, the jealousy of the German Princes. To get both parties to ask aid of Russia, and to exercise over the country a species of protection which will prepare for future domination.

11. "To interest the House of Austria to drive the Turk from Europe, and to neutralize her jealousies at the time of the conquest of Constantinople, be it by exciting a war against her on the part of the old States of Europe, or by giving her a portion of the spoil to be taken back some other time.

12. "TO LABOR TO UNITE AROUND OURSELVES ALL THE DISUNITED OR SCHISMATIC GREEKS, that are scattered whether in Hungary or in the South of Poland; to become their centre, their support, and to ESTABLISH ANTECEDENTLY A UNIVERSAL PREDOMINANCE BY MEANS OF A SORT OF SACERDOTAL RULE OR SUPREMACY: they will be so many friends in an enemy's fortress.

13. "Sweden dismembered, Persia overcome, Poland subjugated, Turkey conquered, our armies reunited, the Black Sea and the Baltic guarded by our ships, it will be necessary then to propose separately and secretly to the Court of Versailles and to that of Vienna to divide with them the empire of the world. If one of them accept, which cannot fail, by playing on their ambition and self-love, to use that one to ruin the other, and then to destroy the one that remains, involving it in a contest which could not be doubtful, because Russia would already possess as her own all the East and part of Europe.

14. "If, which is unlikely, both should refuse the offers of Russia, it would be necessary to know how to excite a quarrel between them, and to make them weaken and exhaust one another. Then, profiting by a decisive moment, Russia should pour upon them her troops already collected in Germany, at the same time that two large fleets should set out, one from the sea of Azof, and the other from Archangel, laden with Asiatic levies, under the convoy of the armed fleets of the Black Sea and the Baltic. Advancing by the Mediterranean and the ocean, they would inundate France on one side, while Germany would be over-run on the other, and these two countries conquered, the rest of Europe would pass easily and without striking a blow, under the yoke. Thus Europe can and ought to be subjugated."

This copy of the testament of Peter the Great, is taken from the Memoirs of the Chev. Eon, published in 1836, and drawn by the Editor, Gaillardet, from family papers, and from authentic writings deposited in the archives of the Foreign office. The Chev. d'Eon, twice chargé d'affaires of the Court of Versailles in Russia, near the Court of Elizabeth, returning to France in 1757, received from the friendly Empress a commission to carry her act of adhesion to the treaty of Versailles. He took the precaution to communicate the testament of Peter the Great, first to the Abbé de Bernis, minister of foreign affairs, then to the king himself, but this gigantic design of European domination conceived by Peter I seemed chimerical to the ministers of Louis XV.

Thus the Memoirs of the Chev. Eon. Let the injunctions cited be compared with the whole series of successive facts in the growth of Russia, and it will be seen that her every step treads precisely those paths which the founder of the Empire had marked out. Supporting himself on the Baltic by the conquest of Ingria, of Livonia and of Esthonia, that Prince had weakened the power of jealous Sweden, and touched, at the opposite extremities of his dominions, the Euxine and the Caspian. His immediate successors could do little in war, except so far as the Empress Anne made her power felt not only by the Turks and Tartars but even by France, which sustained in vain the claims of Stanislaus to the kingdom of Poland against the Saxon Augustus. Her successor, Peter III, being murdered,

after seven months reign, the terrible Catharine II obtains Lithuania, Courland, Volhynia, Podolia, by the infamous partition of Poland, conducted with those arts which are pointed out in the IVth article of the Testament; * and on the opposite side, the Crimea, Ozakoff, and the Dnieper, give her the possession of the Black Sea, while by means of little Tartary and Georgia she raises her head upon the Caspian. Paul I, entering still further upon the path indicated, according to the second injunction of the testament, in the interest of Western Europe, pushes the celebrated Survarrow to Turin. His son Alexander flies in person to Paris with his army and disposes of the destinies of that city, annexing in the meantime to his empire Finland taken from the Swedes, Bessarabia from the Turks, the western shores of the Caspian from the Persians. From the latter, his successor Nicholas took Armenia; acquiring in the interim the windward side of Turkey by favoring the Hellenes and protecting the Moldavians and Wallachians, according to the 12th precept. The Circassians of the Caucasus alone make head thus far against the Muscovite forces, perhaps in order that they may serve to fulfil the first article of the testament, by exercising them continually in war, who if they overcome this barrier, over-running like a torrent, Persia, already as if enfeoffed to the Empire, will find themselves on the frontiers of India, marked by the testator as the ultimate bound of his conquests.

Meanwhile the other precepts touching the administration are obeyed with not less fidelity. It is known to what degree has been raised, according to art. 1, the prosperity of the finances, so far at least as it is possible to penetrate their mysteries, guarded, they say, by an impenetrable secrecy. Illustrious men of science and brave generals have flown thither, not less than artists, either foreigners who have sought that country, or Russians educated in Italy; whence arises, in part perhaps, that antinational character of the Russian literature, remarked by *Leougor*; and certainly the French coloring with which the most illustrious portion of the high society of St. Petersburg is varnished over.

The long relations of commerce and warlike alliance, maintained, according to art. 7, with England, are interrupted only at this day at the moment when the influence and almost the armies of Russia, pushed to the Persian gulf, can, according to art. 9, dispense with the treasures of Albion, against whom, to invade the Indies, it is necessary to make war. The protection, too, granted now to Prussia, now to Denmark, now to Saxony, now to other small principalities, now to all the rest of Europe against Napoleon, was crowned by that last fact of 1849, when the protection of Russia saved the Austrian Empire, and imposed on it that noble chain of gratitude which may have so large a part in the solution of the question of the East. The characteristic feature of the testament, however, which is developing itself in our day, is that dilatation of religious influence, so well described by *Della Motta*, speaking of panslavism: "which," says he, "is the idea of uniting in a single religious and political society the entire Slavonic race to render it politically predominant over the rest. And this idea is embodying itself to such a degree in the populations, now Greek, now Slavonic, on the borders of the Empire, that in proof of their sympathies, the peasants of the Danube and the Hungarian Slaves, preserve in their houses the portrait of the Russian Emperor, as the head or chief protector of their religious schism against *Latinism*."

* The reader will observe that the partition of Poland took place in 1774; and the testament was already deposited in the archives of France in 1757.

If it appears from this series of historical facts that we can conclude that the present policy of Russia walks precisely in the path indicated by Peter I, our readers perceive what prognostic can be deduced as to the result of this war; in which if Russia should be victorious, she would divide the spoil principally with Austria, according to art. 13 of the testament; and having swallowed up Persia with one gigantic effort, together with Circassia, no longer needful to exercise the Russian army, would transport the latter to Cabul, Afghanistan and the other frontiers of India, to measure its force with the Indo-British troops.

You will arrive at the same conclusion if you consult the documents let slip from Russian portfolios and fallen into the indiscreet hands of Western journalists. First among these is the memorial, which, at the time when Alexander appeared tempted to repair the disaster of Poland by erecting it anew into a kingdom little less than independent, was presented to the Count Pozzo di Borgo, minister of foreign affairs. "Beware," it said, "of such a restoration. Whatever be the motives and the wisdom of conquests at the moment when they are undertaken, when made and recognized they should be absolutely preserved, above all if they belong by their nature and importance to the fundamental policy of the conquering State. The Polish possessions are in my judgment, in this category. Interpose between our empire and the rest of Europe a nation of nine millions well organized, and the Russians circumscribed within their ancient frontier, will become strangers to all the rest of the European nations; and precisely in order to drive Russia back into this position, and make of her an Asiatic power, did Napoleon think to establish the kingdom of Poland."

Thus the sage diplomatist; and thus it may be inferred, that if the war, already swollen to such gigantic proportions, should initiate on the part of the Western Powers a restoration of Poland as a barrier against the Northern torrent, the most valiant efforts of Russia would be made to remove that barrier, and that the fields of Germany would have to tremble under the shock of armies without end.

[The *Civiltà* then proceeds to discuss what would become of Turkey, and appeals to another memorial presented by Pozzo di Borgo to the Emperor Nicholas, to show him that the conquest of Turkey is possible and necessary; and from a memorial of Count Nesselrode to the Grand Duke Constantine (1830), proves that the forbearance of Russia in 1829 was calculated, believing that Turkey was reduced to virtual dependence.]

Arbiter of the Ottomans in peace and war, the Autocrat naturally did not wish to bring upon the field the other governments, who equalled Russia in power, civilization, industry and riches; nor could he hope that the Western Powers, then strong, tranquil and independent, would leave Russia the peaceful possession of the Byzantine capital.

But after 1848 affairs wear a totally different aspect: and Turkey, withdrawing itself from the guardianship of Russia, accepts, as less perilous, the protection of the Western Powers, who have over the Ottoman States neither the advantage of neighborhood, nor the influence of unity in schism, nor the obvious interest of obtaining a road to the Mediterranean by the Dardanelles. By advising Turkey to adopt European reforms, the latter evince a desire to elevate her to a moral independence, by which she would be able in time to rival Russia in *civilization*, in *industry*, in *riches*. The prey is about to escape from the talons of the Northern eagle, unless he flies to seize it; nor would he find a moment more opportune than this, when the recent convulsions of '48 have left Western Europe broken by conflicts, and exhausted by debts and burdens.

Every thing, then, invites us to predict that Russia will do her utmost to advance in triumph to the Dardanelles, and the Western Powers their utmost to limit insuperably on the south and west, her ever growing ambition.

From a concussion so terrible between old Europe and the nascent Tartar civilization, what result ought we to anticipate?

Marshal Marmont, Duke of Ragusa, in 1834, regarding as inevitable the mission of some Menschikoff, and a final strife between the Czar and the Sultan, followed by an intervention of the Western Powers, places the parties face to face and thus argues:

"If an Anglo-French fleet," says Marshal Marmont in 1837, "passes the Dardanelles and arrives at Constantinople; if at the same time 50,000 men of the allied forces take a position at Adrianople, the *Russian squadron will retire to Sebastopol to leave it no more*; and if the Czar passes the Danube and directs his army upon the Balkan, he must combat at one time the Turkish, French and English forces; and, supposing the non-neutrality of the Court of Vienna, he finds himself exposed to all the perils in which he would be involved by an Austrian army debouching from Transylvania.

"If, on the contrary," adds the marshal, "the Western Powers allow themselves to be outstripped in celerity by the Emperor of Russia, as the squadron is always in a state to receive on board a division of 20,000 men cantoned in the peninsula, as this embarkation can be made in twenty-four hours, and the squadron can weigh anchor the next day and reach the Bosphorus in forty-four hours, the northern winds always prevailing in the Black Sea, there will no longer be a possible strife in those regions between the other Powers and Russia: the Russian squadron placed in security at the Dardanelles under the protection of the forts, will hold at bay the squadrons of France and England.

"Notwithstanding the maritime occupation, however, on the part of the allies," pursues the French captain, "if there should be only the Turkish armies to arrest her march to Constantinople, Russia would soon give an account of them, and even were her fleets destroyed and her ports bombarded, would plant her standard on the cupola of St. Sophia, and it would be extremely difficult for Europe to make her abandon the capital of the Turkish empire."

As for the operations to be attempted in the Baltic, the Duke de Ragusa does not think that Russia has any thing to fear on that side. "The English," he says, "would never send a squadron to that unlucky and inhospitable sea, to beat themselves to pieces on shores of iron." (Events, though, prove the contrary.) "If, for a determinate and temporary purpose, the English should send a fleet to the Baltic, it would be the part of wisdom for the Russian squadron not to measure itself with them, and to expect from the aid of the seasons, a certain liberation from the enemy."

In the eyes of the Duke de Ragusa, the capital point for France and England is to send to the East an army of occupation.* In examining the strategical combinations which may be ultimately attempted by the belligerents, the Duke, although devoted to the Emperor Nicholas, and taking no pains to conceal his preference for

* It will be observed that this is precisely what the allies have done, and the strategical reason of the Duke de Ragusa explains their subsequent inactivity. Having rendered it impossible for the Russians to advance to Constantinople without encountering the united forces of the allies, they have left the defeat of the former to the climate and the sieges of the Danube. — Eds.

the Russian cause in the East, does not appear to credit that the designs of the Czar will be actually anticipated by the Western Powers with this double precaution—the occupation of the Black Sea, and that of Roumelia.

Such twenty years ago was the prognostic of one of the greatest among so many consummate captains, formed to victory under the discipline of that terrible conqueror to whom all yielded, but the omnipotence of nature employed by the vengeance of God and provoked by the anathema of His Vicar: and if that prognostic be just, the reader must see that Russia will come off badly, as the Western Powers have not only occupied the strategical points indicated by the French marshal, on the Euxine and at the Balkan, but have undertaken also the occupation of the Baltic, which he judged almost impossible.

The *Civiltà* then quotes a diplomatic prognostication from the *Sperange* of Balbo, in 1845, who, “with much sagacity, foresaw in the Russian protectorate over the Danubian principalities an occasion of overbearing usurpation (Menschikoff?), in the usurpation the cause of a rupture, in the rupture the initiation of a triple alliance between France, England and Austria, in the hesitation of Austria the impossibility of solving the question.” From this discussion of political conjectures, the *Civiltà* turns to *prophecies*, one of which, of the date of 612 (printed at Rome in that year), predicted a great discomfiture of the Turks in 1623 or 24, and their entire destruction in 1854 or 1856 by a *Spanish Prince*. If the reader, wittily says the *Civiltà*, should find this a little intricate, not discovering this great discomfiture of the Mussulmans about 1623 or 24 in history, let him bear in mind the ditch at the astrologer's feet, who himself never saw it. What marvel that the Arab star-gazers saw in 1854, and did not see what happened in the sixteenth century, when they themselves lived? However, if you consult De Hammer, you will find in the conclusion, that from the beginning of the 16th century began a decline of the Ottomans. But to us suffice it, that the stars have announced what is to happen in 1854 or 1856, and if it appears improbable to any one that the final defeat of the Turks can be expected from a Spanish Prince, whereas there now sits on the throne of Castile a young Queen who probably will not go to wage war in Paganland, and if he consequently gives this in charge to an Austrian Prince, who, as successor of Charles V, might in the lurid lustre of the constellations be taken by the astrologers for a Spaniard, why these gentlemen ought, finally, to see that future which they announce, involved always in a certain mysterious and equivocal cloud! By this ingenious expedient, you see, we get to know that of the Turks in 1856 the world will cease to speak.

And we may add this confirmation, from an authority, which, without placing it among the prophecies approved by the Church, we are far from ridiculing like the horoscopes of barbarian astrologers. Maria Magdalena of the Cross, foundress of the Monastery of S. Chiara in Macao, wrote in 1640 (says Vieira, a Portuguese Jesuit) that “the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God would be defined as an article of faith in a week without a Friday (i. e. says the author, when Christmas would fall on Friday), and would be preceded by great commotions in China and great wars between Christian Princes; and as on Friday was the Incarnation of the Word and the Redemption of the human race, on Friday would be defined the mystery of the Conception, on which occasion, at the celebration of mass by the Sovereign Pontiff, all the idols will fall in China, in Japan, and in the whole world, and the Chinese empire will be converted, and the Ottoman empire destroyed, and the House of God in Jerusalem will be recovered by the aid of an Austrian hero, a new Alexander for rapidity, and armed only, together with his

soldiers, with sword and shield. About that time a synagogue in Egypt and one in Morocco will be given to the Church, and the Austrians will wonderfully insist on a definition of that mystery, which definition will initiate peace among the Christian Princes."

The *Civiltà* next quotes the following:—

"In 1819, Father K..., a very zealous Dominican preacher, being forbidden by the schismatical government to print, preach, or even hear confessions, under pain of being sent to Siberia, lived in great affliction to see himself thus reduced to spiritual impotence. One evening, after 9 o'clock, opening the window before retiring, he stood with his eyes raised to heaven, praying thus: 'O glorious martyr of Christ, blessed Andrew Bobola! you who so many years ago predicted the resurrection of our Poland; you who see her oppressors determined to plunge her into enmity with God by schism; oh! do not permit this ruin and disgrace, and obtain from the Almighty that He may free her from the schismatic and protestant yoke.' He then closed the window to retire to bed, when appeared in the midst of his cell the blessed martyr: 'Behold me,' said he, 'whom you just invoked: re-open that window and you shall see!' Terrified, astonished, the good religious opened, and saw with stupor, no longer the garden and wall of his convent, but the immense prospect of a boundless country.

"'You behold,' said the blessed martyr, 'the fields of Pinsko, where I had the glory to suffer martyrdom for the faith of Jesus Christ. Now turn thither thine eyes and thou shalt know what thou desirest.' Father K. turned his eyes thither again, and more than ever astonished, beholds on those plains innumerable armies, Russians, Turks, French, English, Austrians, Prussians, and others that he hardly distinguished, fighting in desperate battle, and as he did not comprehend the meaning of the vision, Bobola explained it to him, saying: 'When the war you behold shall finish, the kingdom of Poland, by the mercy of God, shall be re-established, and I shall be recognized its special patron. And as a pledge of the reality of this vision and of the fulfilment of the prophecy, behold my hand: ' and he left the impress of it on the table, and disappeared. The holy man, astonished, could hardly proffer a thanksgiving to God and his martyr; but at last returning to his senses, looked upon the table and beheld the print of the hand. Kissing it many times, and at last tranquillized, he finally laid down to rest. In the morning, as soon as he rose, he ran thither again to look, and finding the imprint of the hand as the evening before, remained convinced of the truth of the prediction: whence, all the Fathers and brethren in the convent being collected in his chamber, he showed them the prodigy and narrated how it had befallen him in the night. And to others still it was written, and I who relate this, had it personally related to me, being accidentally in Polock where I had the account."

Thus the responsible narrator: and the fact would give an appearance of credibility to other prophecies which are current in Germany. [The *Civiltà* gives several of them in detail, which our limits do not allow, and among others that of *Sister Rose of Taggia*, for which see the *Metropolitan* for September, p. 499.] But if we, it subjoins, were to be asked for a conjecture, we should draw it from a quite different source than prophetic visions: and pre-supposing that the fortunes of politics are, in the hand of the God of battles, an instrument to fulfil his eternal designs in favor of the elect, we should venture to invite you to consoling hopes for the future of religion and the Church. The conflict between the East and West will last some time perhaps, and disasters, blood and slaughter, will cause tears, and enough, to those especially who do not remember that *life is a warfare, and the earth a field of battle*. But in fine, the Western Powers cannot but have comprehended the immense danger that menaces them, if they suffer to be augmented by all the forces of the East, that Colossus, which now, even allied, they can scarcely restrain. Which, dilating itself to the Holy Places, and to the Indies, could with a stroke of that unsparing sword, rend from the bosom of the Ro-

man Church that numberless multitude of Eastern Catholics, to whose succor it is the duty and the interest of the West to fly.

And such a succor would fail without unity: and unity in the West is no longer possible but through a religious sentiment. It is not the *Civiltà Cattolica* or the *Univers* which tells you so, but a Russian statesman, who wrote in the *Revue des deux mondes* in 1850, precisely to combat Catholicism.

"All that the West possesses," says he, "of positive Christianity, at this day, either explicitly, or more or less secretly, is bound up with Roman Catholicism, of which the Papacy, such as centuries have made it, is the keystone and condition of existence."

According to the Russian diplomatist, all hope of compact unity in the West reposes on Catholicism and on the Pontiff. Political equilibriums and protocols are one of the illusions with which the atheism of indifference hoped to create a society of nations without God, as it hopes by constitutional checks and balances to form without God a society of individuals. It belongs to the Slavonic preponderance to undeceive European diplomacy, and to make it understand how uncertain is every political equilibrium without a guarantee of religion which may bind together Princes and peoples in the unity of conscience.

It will certainly not be to-morrow that the day of disenchantment will come, and the return to unity: granting that allied Europe drives for this once the Northern eagle back to his ice-bergs. But if ambition never retreats; if from the Narva and the Pruth the discomfited Muscovite before thirsted for Pultawa and Kainardgi; Europe must continue to see before her eyes the fearful spectre of slavery under the schismatic autocrat; and his terrible scimeter will at last make our grand-children or our great-grand-children comprehend in respect to the Russian, that same truth which our ancestors of the middle age so well comprehended in regard to the Turk: that to the unity of a countless multitude formed under a lay chief by ignorance and force, it is necessary to oppose another boundless unity, which in civilized Europe is no longer possible except by the truth and by Authority; either to comprehend this truth, in which all Catholicism is concentrated, or to succumb under that arm, which, if it triumphed, would speedily dispose, as with a docile instrument, of the entire Asiatic barbarism! In such an alternative, to believe that Europe could be so stolid as not to comprehend her own interests, or so stupid as not to take care of them, or so abject as to submit to the infamous yoke, would be a despair of the future, a non-comprehension of the present, a forgetting of the past.

If the most ancient and the most certain of political prophecies must continue to be verified; if it belong to the *sons of Japhet to inhabit the tents of Sem*, or, that is, of Japetic Europe to *orient* itself into Asia, all induces us to believe that the Catholicism of the West, already half re-embraced by conviction, will obtain its complete return to the fold of Christ, compelled by the sound of that lash which places it in the alternative of being Catholic or Russian.

Such may be the design of Providence in this sudden war, breaking out so unexpectedly in spite of a thousand wishes and a thousand contrary protestations on the part of him who till now sustained the universal peace and order of Europe: such is the prognostic, or rather the augury, which is offered you in regard to its result by the *Civiltà Cattolica*.

J. V. H.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

THE subject of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin has very often of late years engaged the particular attention of the Catholic world. Our holy Father the Pope, has himself at different times brought it before our view; and just now in his Encyclical Letter proclaiming the general Jubilee, he asks all the faithful to unite in praying that he may be guided by the divine assistance to give soon a decision which may be to the glory of God and of that same Virgin our well-beloved Mother. This confirms the belief which had before been commonly received, that the Holy See is actually occupied with the question of publishing a dogmatical decree, defining it to be an article of Catholic faith, that the Holy Mother of God was conceived without the stain of original sin.

The question is sometimes asked, and perhaps oftener thought of, how such a decree can be made at this late period in the history of the Church? The faith of the Church is said to be unchangeable; — is it not a very important change, if it be extended to embrace a truth which it did not embrace before? And then in the very nature of faith, it cannot receive any new truth except by a new revelation: for it contains only what has been revealed by God, and taught by His Church on His authority. If this doctrine were revealed to the Apostles and taught by them, it has always been of faith: if it were not so revealed, then the Church cannot now define it to be of faith, because by that definition she would declare that it was revealed.

These difficulties have been solved in the late pastoral of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, publishing the Jubilee in his diocese; but as they furnish an occasion for some explanations concerning matters of faith in general, we hope it will not be thought impertinent for us to consider the same subject more at length.

A little reflection will show that these objections do not apply exclusively to this one question of the Immaculate Conception. They equally pertain to every other doctrine that has ever been made the subject of an express definition from the Church: to various truths defined in the Council of Trent concerning the Sacraments, Grace, and Free-Will; and to those regarding our Divine Saviour and the Adorable Trinity, that were defined in the earlier councils of Nice, Ephesus, Chalcedon, &c. If these truths were revealed by God, they belonged to the faith before they were defined; and if they were not revealed, they never could be made to belong to the faith, because faith embraces only those truths that God has revealed.

To give a direct answer, we accept the first horn of the dilemma, and say that all these truths did belong to the faith before they were defined. The question immediately arises: of what value then is a dogmatic definition of an article of faith? What is the difference in the position of any doctrine before such a definition and after it? — Its value is that of an official and conclusive declaration that the truth does belong and always did belong to the faith, because it was revealed by God, and taught by His Church. The effect of it upon the doctrine is this: before the definition, the truth was a matter of faith, and was taught by the Church, and whoever knew that the Church did so teach it, was bound by his faith to believe it; but there was room for men to doubt or deny that the Church did teach it: — after the definition, any man who knows that the definition has been made, can no longer doubt that the Church does teach the truth, and therefore he cannot reject the

article without committing a mortal sin against faith. Again, before the definition, a man denying the truth, even though he knew that it was taught by the Church, would indeed commit a mortal sin against faith, but he would not be regarded by the Church as guilty of heresy, nor could he be charged by his neighbors with that particular crime; but after the definition is made, if he refuse to submit to it, and persist in disputing the doctrine, he is then properly regarded as a heretic.

Let us remember that to deny any known truth is a sin of falsehood; and the sin is greater in proportion as the truth is more important. To deny a truth which we know that the Church teaches on the authority of God, is not only a falsehood, but a sin of infidelity. It is impugning the veracity of His divinely commissioned agent, and rejecting a truth which he has judged sufficiently important to be placed under her particular guardianship; and for the believing of which He has given us the especial virtue of faith. But a man's knowing that the Church teaches a particular doctrine, depends on the evidence that he has of that fact; and neither his neighbors nor his bishop can charge him with heresy for rejecting a doctrine taught by the Church, unless they know that he has sufficient evidence of her teaching it. Now a definition of the Church is always sufficient and conclusive evidence that she does teach the doctrine; and when that definition has been made known to a man, and he still rejects the doctrine, he is then undeniably a heretic.

To understand this more clearly, we must observe the difference between the Church's *teaching* a matter of faith, and her *defining* it. The terms are sometimes used synonymously: we often say that the Church does not teach that the Blessed Virgin was conceived without sin, meaning that she does not teach it in that official and conclusive form, of solemnly declaring that all Christians are bound to believe it. But if we take *teaching* in the more general sense of simply imparting knowledge, there is a wide difference between the Church's teaching and defining truths of faith. Her teaching is done by many divers persons, and in different ways. Parents teaching their children, pastors catechising their flocks, professors instructing their scholars, authors writing books on Christian doctrine;—these and many other channels are continually transmitting Catholic truth from generation to generation.* And in this ordinary teaching, God displays a wonderful providence and love of His holy Church, by taking care that such a body of truths should be communicated to more than two hundred millions of people and handed down through so many centuries, by so many different means, among persons so various in dispositions, interests and habits of mind; and yet that these truths should be preserved without loss and without mixture of error. This is a standing miracle that attests the divinity of the Catholic Church; a miracle which no sect dares to claim. This method of teaching is ordinarily sufficient under that heavenly providence, to keep the faithful acquainted with the truths most important for their salvation, and for the glory of God, and to preserve them from dangerous errors.

But cases arise from time to time, in which this method of teaching does not suffice, and then she makes a definition of her doctrine; which is done by her chief pastors, the successors of the Apostles, under the guidance of her supreme head on earth, the Bishop of Rome; or simply by the Bishop of Rome himself, the successor of St. Peter, whose faith was not to fail. The truths which God has been

* Those who desire, will find a fuller exposition of this point, and much to elucidate the whole matter of our essay, in Brownson's Review for October, 1847, art. III, particularly on pp. 518 and seqq.—and October, 1848, art. V, pp. 529 and seqq.

pleased to reveal to His Church are numerous, and He has not provided that all of them should be made known to each individual of the faithful. He takes care that we shall have the means to learn those that are most important for knowing and discharging our duty to him; and of these we are bound to inform ourselves. The others, we are not obliged to learn, but we are obliged to accept and confess them when we do learn that the Church teaches them. Now, from a truth's not being known to all Catholics, a question may arise whether it is a part of the Church's teaching or not. They who have not been taught it as a part of their faith, may judge that it is something new, or only an opinion of some individuals, or at most a truth known from a human source, and not one taught by the Church as being revealed of God. To questions of this kind the Church is not always bound to give her attention. There may be sufficient means for clearing up the doubt within the reach of those who choose to seek them; or she may judge that no serious evil will arise from some of her children being mistaken on that point. But sometimes she deems it expedient for the souls under her care, to end the question by a formal declaration that she does teach that truth as received from God: and then she is said to *define* it to be an article of faith.

The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception presents in some respects a peculiar case:—a case in which men of great learning, of undoubted sincerity, nay of acknowledged heroic sanctity, have investigated the question and arrived at opposite conclusions. Many were persuaded that this doctrine was revealed by God, and was always a part of the truth transmitted from generation to generation in the Church, as of divine authority. Others could not find evidence sufficient to satisfy their minds of this. Formerly some could not convince themselves that the doctrine was true at all; but now the truth of it seems to be established, and the question that remains, is whether it rests on the authority of God. For Pope Gregory XV, in the year 1622, forbade Catholics to dispute the truth of the doctrine even in private; and we can hardly imagine that God would allow His Church to forbid the disputing of a doctrine unless that doctrine was really true. If the Holy Father shall define it to be an article of faith, there will no longer be any room for doubting that it was revealed by God, and always taught by His Church, though not known to every individual in the Church.

We have heard the question asked, as a serious difficulty, whether there is any instance on record of the Church defining a doctrine, after an express declaration had been made that it was not an article of faith. From what we have said, it will not be hard to give the answer, by removing the ambiguity of the question. If such a declaration had been made in this sense, that the doctrine was not revealed by God, and taught by the Church on His authority, — then certainly that doctrine could never afterwards be defined to be an article of faith. For in the one case or in the other, the Church would declare an untruth; which God has promised shall never come to pass. But if the declaration was merely an assertion of the fact, that the doctrine had not yet been officially decided to be of faith, so that the faithful were left free to enquire for themselves, or to suspend their judgments, — then, whatever may be the records of the past, there is nothing in such a declaration to hinder a definition from being made, any more than the declaration of a judge that he has not yet decided a point of law, is to hinder him from deciding it afterwards.

We presume that the question had reference to the Bull of Pope Sixtus IV, *Grave nimis*, published A. D. 1483. This document confirms what has just been said. It forbids any one to accuse of heresy those who should deny the Immaculate Conception, "since it has not yet been decided by the Church of Rome and the

Apostolic See."—*Cum nondum sit a Romana Ecclesia and Apostolica Sede decinm.* The Bull may be found in the *Corpus Juris Canonici, Extrav. Com., l. iii, tit. 12.*

If it still appear strange that a truth should be taught by the Church, that is, transmitted through many generations of her children, and yet learned and holy men should be unable to find conclusive evidence of so public a fact;—we reply that although at first sight it may seem strange, yet it is not unaccountable. For observe that truths may be taught implicitly in various ways. When we teach one truth which contains others in itself as parts or as necessary consequences, we really teach the others, although the persons who are taught may not advert to them. Every Catholic is taught, for example, that all men had inherited original sin from Adam: and Protestants too find it clearly stated by St. Paul in his Epistle to the Romans, ch. v. Yet even good Catholics may perhaps listen to and approve ingenious theories about races of men entirely distinct, without observing that the great truth of Original Sin contains in it the other truth that all mankind are descended from one father, Adam, and that therefore those ingenious theories must be false.

We may also teach a truth in general terms which do indeed convey it, but do not express it clearly to every mind. Our present subject furnishes us with an illustration. When the Angel styled the Blessed Virgin "full of grace," (St. Luke, ch. i, v. 28), this expression if taken in the greatest extent of its meaning would imply that there was nothing in her, present or past, which could lessen her favor in the eyes of God. But certainly original sin, existing in her though only for a moment, would have made her for that moment a child of wrath; and then for all eternity it would be true, that she had once been an object of God's displeasure. To many minds therefore, that expression of St. Gabriel conveys quite satisfactorily the doctrine that the Blessed Virgin was stainless in the first instant of her conception. To other minds those words do not convey this meaning. Since men are continually using general expressions without intending them to be understood in all their vigor,—as when we say that a house is full of people—so many interpret this title of "full of grace," to signify only that the Blessed Virgin possessed at that moment every virtue, and an abundance of graces above all other creatures. Now in teaching, men often make use of such general terms, particularly when they have no doubt concerning the doctrine, and do not suspect that any Catholic will understand their words in a different sense from that in which they themselves understand them.

In any case like this, it might in the course of time excite attention that some Catholics held a different belief from others on such a subject. The question then arises, which of these beliefs is really the truth received from God and taught by the Church. Perhaps on inquiry it may be clear, from a simple comparison of numbers, that the one doctrine is held by the great body of the faithful, and the other by a few individuals. If this be not quite clear, it remains to look back for evidence of what was believed and taught by the Church in some preceding period. Whatever it was at any one time, that it must be now. The text of Sacred Scripture, the writings of the holy Fathers and of theologians, are the chief sources from which this evidence can be drawn; but ancient liturgies, monumental inscriptions and other documents may also furnish some. In some cases this evidence will point so clearly to one conclusion, as to satisfy every sincere enquirer; but in others it may not be so. It is often a very complex and very delicate work to examine and compare historical evidence. Even when a writer's sentiment is clearly expressed, it may be difficult to determine the value of his testimony; to judge

whether he might have willfully misstated the doctrine, or might have misunderstood those from whom he received it, or might have unwittingly imbibed the error of the few, and thought that it was the doctrine of the Church. And when the writer uses general terms, it is still less easy to determine what sense he intended to convey by them. It may be necessary to compare other passages in his writings, to consider the object that he had in view, the place and times in which he wrote, the peculiarities of his style, &c. And then all these testimonies must be brought together, that the evidence on each side may be weighed and the balance struck. Is it strange if in some one question of the Church's teaching, this process should become difficult enough for men of learning to make an error in it, and not find proof to give them absolute certainty that the doctrine was taught by the Church as of divine authority?

As far as we have the means of judging, this is a sufficiently correct view of the case in regard to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception.

Great numbers of the faithful, being taught that the Blessed Mother of God was perfectly pure, the holiest of all His creatures and "full of grace," never thought of imputing to her the stain of original sin. Others, bearing in mind the great doctrine of original sin, never thought of regarding her as an exception to this common lot of all the children of Adam, but understood her graces to be as abundant as they could be without setting aside this law. How early this difference existed among the faithful, and how widely it was spread, it would not be easy to ascertain, nor is it in the scope of this essay to examine. As all Catholics were agreed in reverencing her as the most excellent of the creatures of God, the Church did not see any practical evil to result from some individuals being under a mistake with regard to one of her privileges. It was not necessary therefore that the divinely appointed pastors of the flock should make the examination and pronounce officially under the infallible guidance of the Holy Ghost, what was her teaching on the subject.

But for some time past the matter seems to be growing in importance. Commonly the Church is induced to define a doctrine, because of the contrary error being taught by evil men, to the danger of the people; — *contra errorem insurgentem*; — but various other circumstances may make it equally expedient for her to publish a solemn profession of some particular truth. And at the present day such circumstances seem to be multiplied. The general increase of impiety, the deplorable tendency of the whole un-Catholic world towards the denial of the Incarnation, with which this mystery is so closely connected, and towards the rejection of all that is truly holy in religion, and the multiplication of all kinds of blasphemies against our Divine Saviour and His Blessed Mother; — these seem to show that it is an appropriate time for the Church, His affectionate spouse on earth, to offer both to Him and her some great act of reparation of honor. Such an act would be the publishing in the face of scoffers and of the worldly wise, this solemn declaration of the most precious of Mary's privileges; that which constituted perhaps the brightest of her ornaments in the eyes of her loving Son. And such a declaration would immediately be followed by innumerable acts of public worship and private devotion, all over the earth, amid the universal exultation of the faithful on this happy proclamation of their Mother's glory; a sweet perfume of praise and love ascending from every portion of the earth, to the Queen of Heaven; a tribute most gratifying to her Son, and glorious to the Divine Majesty, and drawing down innumerable blessings on this vale of tears.

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If it be asked whether this particular act is the best suited to the exigencies of the present time, the question would seem to be answered by the continually swelling voice of the faithful throughout the world; many of them calling expressly for the desired definition, but all uniting in extolling this privilege of Mary, and thanking God for this particular glory of His Holy Mother. And there is the voice of heaven itself, heard most distinctly in the numerous miracles and supernatural favors granted in return for devotions in honor of the Immaculate Conception. It is heard particularly in the history of the medal which commemorates this mystery; a medal which was made under instructions brought from heaven by Mary herself; which has been the instrument of so many divine favors, that it is known by the common name of the Miraculous Medal; and which in a few years has come into such general use, as almost to supersede in some places, the use of all other medals. When we hear all these testimonies from heaven and earth mingling in a chorus of praise to the Immaculate Mother of God, we cannot wonder that the Vicar of her Divine Son on earth should draw the attention of all his flock to this consoling truth, and feel inspired with a holy wish to make it the subject of an especial tribute to her honor and the glory of God. It will be a solemn act of praise and thanksgiving: a solemn protest that Catholics at least acknowledge the supreme dominion of God, and their sole dependence on the merits of the Son of Mary; that they are not of that impious world which is not only increasing every day in sin, but—unless wickedness belies herself, and pretends to be more wicked than she is—is actually reviving the horrid worship of that same devil* whose pride was so crushed by this very event of the Immaculate Conception of the Infant Mary. It will be a comforting assurance from the Holy Ghost, that the evil spirit has no power to touch a soul that God protects against him. It will be a sounding of Mary's dearest privilege, in words so clear that no Catholic shall mistake them, and no voice shall be longer silent of the two hundred millions of the faithful, who glory in fulfilling the prophecy uttered by her own sacred lips: "Behold from henceforth, all generations shall call me Blessed."

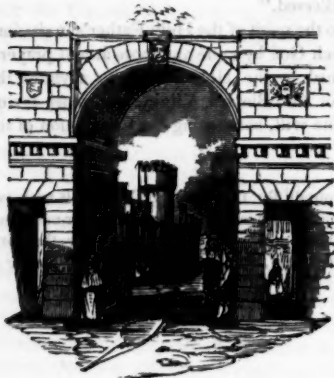
Let every good Catholic then enter into the spirit of the Holy Father's invitation, and not cease during this Jubilee to beseech God by more and more ardent prayers, that His Vicar on earth may be enlightened by the Holy Ghost, to advance the glory of God himself, and the praise of the Blessed Virgin, our most loving Mother, by a decree according to the divine will, concerning the Conception of the same Immaculate Virgin Mary.

*Our daily papers furnish abundant grounds for this belief. To consult with evil spirits is an act of worship; and to make enquiries by table-rappings and other mediums, seems to be either a real consultation with them, or a piece of trickery under that pretence.—But the evidence becomes truly frightful, when we read *The Spirit Rapper* of Dr. Brownson.

IRISH EXCURSIONS.—No. VIII.

"The Gap of Barnesmore."—*Londonderry—how it came to have the prefix of "London."*—*Route to the Giant's Causeway.*—*The Causeway.*—*Singular Scenery of Antrim County.*—*"The Grey Man's Path."*—*Visit to Armagh, the Primatial City of Ireland.*—*Why St. Patrick fixed his Primacy there.*

AFTER a forenoon spent at Donegal, examining the fine old Castle of the O'Donnells, and the sea-side monastery of the Franciscans, where the venerable "Four Masters" compiled their oft quoted chronicle, we left (having made an early dinner on delicious Gisker trout and mountain mutton) for Derry, the next northern county. Half a dozen miles from Donegal town, the road entered one of the most remarkable mountain gorges we had yet seen, called "Barnesmore." The sun had gone westward of its southern ridge, and heavy patches of shadow fell half way across the gorge. The crags and peaks on the other slope, caught by opposition some gleams of receding light, and glistened redly towards the clear grey sky. Our road from either height must have appeared a mere thread winding its way through the dry bottom of this gulf without a tide. Chilly as was the first plunge into such a scene, (during the process of digestion too), our car-driver made matters worse by volunteering a series of anecdotes, illustrating them as he went by: "There's where the guager's ears were cut off," and "yonder's the place where the three men were found frozen to death." It seemed the very spot for a lawless gang to play their pranks in, and though we had not, at the time, read "Shandy Maguire," we can bear now witness to the fidelity of its author's descriptions of scenery in that neighborhood.



FERRY GATE, DERRY.

One or two pleasant, industrial-looking villages were rapidly passed, and by supper-time we were snugly ensconced in the Hotel of Strabane, from whence early on the morrow, half an hour's ride by rail brought us in sight of Londonderry, with its old walls and gates, standing in all their seventeenth century determination.

Few cities in Ireland can boast a more interesting history than this *Urbs Intacta* of the north. Its name it derives from the Irish word for "Oak," being covered with a forest of oaks when St. Columbcille, afterwards of Iona, founded a monastery in their shade. In Catholic times, like other Irish monastic towns, the name of its founder was frequently added to its

own, hence the "Derry-Columbcille" of the Irish annals. When James I of England, in the year 1613, granted the city and county to "the London Companies"—*videlicet*—"the Vinters, Fishmongers, Cordwainers, Drysalers," &c., &c., the prefix *London* was added in the charter to the original title. But

though ordained by act of Parliament, this addition has fallen into disuse, and among natives and strangers the place is now known simply as Derry.

Its warlike experience did not cease with the incoming of the new proprietors. Though men of peace themselves, they provided the place with ample means of defence, and when the Londoners joined the Parliament against Charles I, it went over to the party of the proprietors. In 1662 its charter was renewed by Charles II, with all the privileges granted by his grandfather, yet in 1689 it stoutly and successfully resisted the brother and successor of this Charles, in that memorable "siege of Derry," which has given so tempting a theme to "Charlotte Elizabeth," and other laureats of Protestantism. That the townsmen and apprentices acted right bravely no one can deny; but whether men who owed all their fortune to James I, and Charles II, *ought* to have taken such a part against James II, is another question. In fact there is not on record a more striking evidence of the blindness of dynasties, or the retribution which awaits injustice, even from the hands of its favored clients. Derry built up by one James, cast the other down; Derry which owed every thing to the Stuarts, gave the fatal blow to the Stuart dynasty. James II had bitter cause to repent, when turning away checkmated and crest-fallen from its walls, that his grandfather had ever endowed that place with such fatal privileges.

The city has long outgrown its walls, and on the other side of the river, ("the yellow-flowing Foyle"), there is a fine suburb, called Waterside. This is connected with the city by a long wooden bridge, which, like those at Wexford and Waterford, was built in the last century by Lemuel Cox, a native of Medford, Massachusetts. The population is about 12,000 souls.

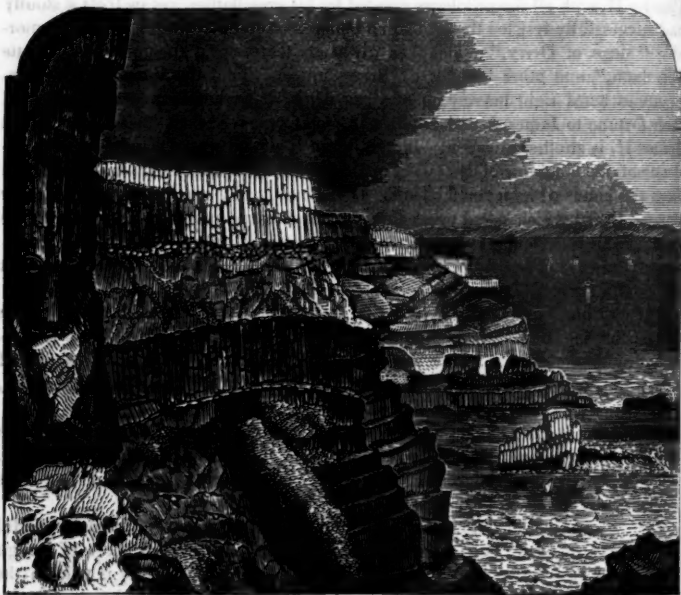
At the water gates of the town, the Foyle spreads into the Lough of the same name, which is navigable for ships and steam vessels of considerable tonnage. About twenty miles below the city, it pours into the north channel, dividing in its course the counties of Donegal and Derry.

Our chief object in Ulster was to see "the Giant's Causeway," that wonderful geological curiosity. Our route therefore lay along the eastern shore of Lough Foyle, to Coleraine, at the outlet of the river Bann. This country is wild in the extreme, but not interesting for its scenery. The almost total absence of trees gives it a barren and repulsive look. "It seems," says the fanciful De Beaumont, "like a beautiful woman denuded of her hair." We should rather compare it to a grizzly old giant, after a hard bout of typhus fever, with bald scalp and beardless mane. The immediate neighborhood of Coleraine is more agreeable, the river preserving till the last the character it has always borne, of "pastoral Bann." The town contains some 8,000 citizens, and is a famous market place of the linen manufacture. Poetically, — and we like to be topographical in our quotations, — it is inseparably linked in our memory with the catastrophe of "beautiful Kitty," (for which see "The Complete Warbler," page —).

A few miles from Coleraine, we crossed into the most northern angle of the most northern Irish county (Antrim), which upon its most northern sea-coast, projects "The Giant's Causeway" into the stormy north sea. All this region looks, tastes, smells, and feels of the north. The grass grows in cords rather than blades, the stunted birch and mountain ash, except in sheltered glens, look dwarfed and crushed; the rocks are splintered, grey and angular, and the wind blows as fierce and free as it did in the days of the sea kings.

A neat inn kept by a spinster, almost on the brink of the ocean, was our first halt, and here we had scarcely arrived, when we were beset by all the imps of the

place; in other words "the guides," who so abound in all countries where curiosity travellers resort. Choosing a couple of these with much ado, we prepared to descend the precipices, and examine by shore and sea, this wondrous work of the Irish Giants. Our view, taken from the sea, presents the part of the Causeway called "the Chimneys," as the prominent object:



THE CAUSEWAY.

If the reader can conceive a high and caverned coast, looking out into the north sea five or six miles, from east to west, all made up of projections, minarets, cliffs, and gulfs, of the same general character with the above "bit," but each furlong forming into a distinct and complete picture, he *may*, without seeing it, imagine the Causeway. Here, let it be believed, two natural elements, rock and water, produce almost every effect, of the most varied and perfect scenery elsewhere. In the sea-floored caves or "ports," we have Gothic aisles lighted with candelabra of *spar*, with darkened side-chapels, where the tides are chanting mysterious hymns; in the bared spires shooting into the air, we have the unburthened pillars of Baalbec; seen by the morning and evening sun, such is the magic effect of light and shade, the dullest fancy can see groves, and castles, and cathedrals, in the wild, fantastic, and almost uninhabited shore.

Of course one kind of rock would be incapable of such wonderful effects. Here six different varieties have been mingled and contrasted, until, as a perfect mosaic sometimes mocks the painter's art to imitate or excel, so these scenes become the despair of all artists. The Causeway is made up of green-stone,

basalt (black or blue-black), red ochre, containing an admixture of iron; amygdaloid, a concrete of crystal, spar, and quartz; lignite and porphyry. Out of these rich materials, Nature, or rather, let us say, God himself, has worked the mosaic of the world, — a scene the like of which no discovered country can boast. Three whole days we surveyed that wonderful work, deaf to the jabber of the guides, and even to the hoarse familiar voice of old ocean himself; and we vowed as we departed, that should Providence permit us to see Europe again, the Giant's Causeway would be one of our earliest visits.

Indeed the whole coast scenery of Antrim is of the same extraordinary character. In order to see it to advantage, we took the route along shore by Fairhead, Cushendall, Garron Point (Lord Londonderry's place), and Glendren, to Belfast. Near Fairhead we paused to look into the famous "Grey Man's Path," which a previous tourist thus describes:

"None of the numerous precipices on the coast can vie with it in elevation, extent, or grandeur. It is composed of a range of enormous basaltic pillars, according to a measurement made in the summer of 1810 (by Professor Playfair), 283 feet high, and resting on a base, which makes the whole altitude 636 feet. One of the columns is a quadrangular prism, measuring 33 feet by 36 on the sides, and above 200 feet perpendicular. The precipice, towering majestic over an awful waste of broken columns, presents to the spectator the most stupendous colonnade ever erected by nature, and in comparison of which the proudest monuments of human architecture are but the efforts of pigmy imbecility to the omnipotence of God." — *Dr. Drummond.*

"This splendid promontory, whose highest point is 535 feet above the ocean's level, is composed of a body of columnar green-stone, of such colossal dimensions, that its rude articulations are not at first very obvious; but upon surveying attentively one of the gigantic columns, the joints and separations are distinctly marked. The whole structure of the promontory consists of two parts; the one at the sea-side is an inclined plane, strewn with enormous masses of the same stone, in the wildest and most terrific chaos; above this rises the mural precipice of columnar green-stone, 250 feet in height. The scene of ruin at the base of these Titianic pillars is probably not exceeded by any in Europe. Here the sea heaves in a solemn, majestic swell, the peculiar attribute of the Atlantic waters, and in every retreat discloses the apparently endless continuation of convulsive ruin, covered by the waters beneath the promontory. Upon this region of desolation, on the shore, enormous *débris*, either assuming the character of rude columnization, or in a perfectly shapeless mass, whose weight is calculated at from four to five thousand tons, are thrown together in all the savage sublimity of which we can conceive the wildest scenes in nature capable." — *Curry's Guide.*



THE GREY MAN'S PATH.

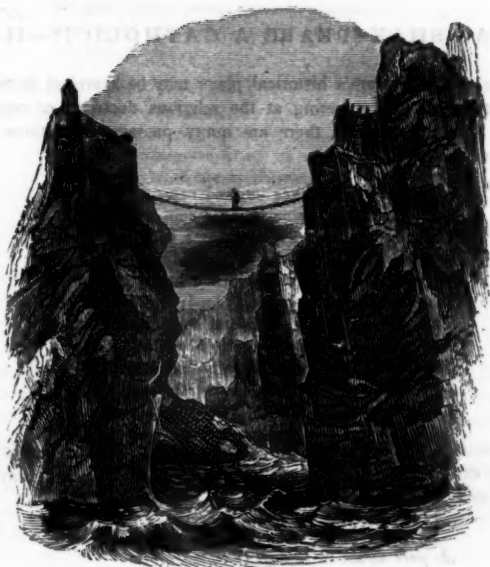
From Belfast (of which hereafter) we made a short excursion to Armagh, the primatial city of the Irish. Even in the rail road carriages, the milder air told sensibly of the inland. Our organs, lately accustomed to the smell of "kelp" and other sea-weeds, were gratefully saluted by the sweeter odor of ripening corn, and grass upon the ledge, and the graceful flowers of the flax crop. Armagh is



SCENE IN ARMAGH.

an inland county, pastoral and prosperous, and its historical capital, "the City of the Saints," is the cleanest and neatest, perhaps, in the kingdom. Its ancient cathedral, recently and carefully "restored," (to its architectural proportions, *not* to the right owners), is its great attraction.

This cathedral, standing on the highest ground of the city, draws all the streets up to itself "like radii to a common verge." These streets were of old divided



CARRICK-A-REDE, COUNTY ANTRIM.

into three "quarters"—*Triam Mor*, *Triam Patrick*, and *Triam Sassanagh*; that is, the great, or people's quarter; Patrick's quarter, and the Stranger's, or Saxon's quarter. For here, according to Bede, Alcuin, Errie of Auxerre, and other hagiologists, the Irish nation supplied "book and board" gratuitously to all comers, Saxons, Gauls, or Germans. Here at one time 3,000 students of divinity could be reckoned, and from this very spot, where we were now standing, went forth, it is thought, more missionaries of Christ crucified, from the sixth till the ninth century, than from any other in christendom, except the city of Rome.

Why St. Patrick should have first fixed his primacy so far from the centre of the Island, and from Tara, its federal head in Celtic times, I was unable to understand. On submitting the question to a learned friend in Dublin, to whom we were frequently indebted for elucidations of antiquarian mysteries, he observed that, "in St. Patrick's time the dynasty which supplied Tara with kings was 'the Northern Hy-Nial,' which sprung from the neighborhood of Armagh, and that after his time, 'the consecration of the king' was always performed by the Archbishop of Armagh. Thus the national apostle provided for the due influence of religion, while keeping it free from the electoral disputes or displays, or the official intrigues of a seat of government." This explanation struck us as ingenious, but whether it is the true one or not, neither we, (nor, we are sure, the author), would wish to push it farther than the facts of ecclesiastical history may warrant.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WAS SHAKSPEARE A CATHOLIC?*-II.

THE whole of Shakspeare's historical plays may be searched in vain for any passage reflecting upon or sneering at the religious doctrines or ceremonies of Catholicity. On the contrary, there are many passages like those in which Henry V says:

"I Richard's body have interred new;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do:
Though all that I can do is nothing worth;
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon."

Here the Protestant will fail to find the least countenance to the coarse and vulgar caricatures of the Catholic doctrine as to penance, purgatory, and prayers for the dead, which now acquire ready currency. So also he speaks—

*
"Of conscience wash'd
As pure as sin in baptism."

So he makes the dethroned Richard thus speak to his queen, in the true spirit of penitence:

"Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house.
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down."

It is in this spirit Shakspeare always speaks of the religious life. Thus in "Measure for Measure," Isabella says,

"Hark how I'll bribe you!
Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sunrise; prayers for preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal."

Most strongly does Shakspeare convey his deep reverence for the religious life, by putting into the mouth of Lucio, a very loose character, these expressions,

"Though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins so:

*From the *Rambler* for July, 1854.

I hold you as a thing enskied and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit:
And to be talked with in sincerity,
As with a saint."

In "Midsummer Night's Dream" there is a passage conceived in a similar spirit. The heroine is asked whether

"You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness."

The exquisite beauty of this passage is not more remarkable than its harmony with Catholic feeling; and it is to be observed that Shakspeare went rather out of his way to write it, as it was hardly necessary to descant so fully on the subject; which was evidently one he loved to dwell upon.

Again, Shakspeare always represents friars in an amiable light. In "Much Ado about Nothing," when Hero is sinking under her load of obloquy, and her father is quite bowed down by it, the friar's voice, meek, calm, and kind, seems to come like divine music on her ear:

"Have comfort, lady!"

We cannot wonder that the poor victim of calumny ventures to raise her head. This the poet indicates by one of the finest touches of his dramatic art:

"*Leon.* Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not?"

The friar's reply depicts a saintly charity so sweetly, that the readers and lovers of Digby (and all his readers are lovers) will remember how beautifully he introduces it as an example of the virtue. The contrast between the human and the divine is still more strongly drawn out by what follows: the father answers the friar in evident amazement at his calmness:

"Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her?"

Yes; but the great poet designed to exhibit the face of something heavenly, of that charity which "hopeth all things;" and how beautifully it seems to speak in the friar's words:

"Hear me a little;
For I have only been silent so long
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,

To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth:—Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading, nor my observations
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenor of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error."

In "Romeo and Juliet," every one is sensible of the sweetness with which Shakspeare has drawn the character of the friar, who comes on the scene with that beautiful soliloquy beginning: "The grey-eyed moon smiles on the frowning night," with which all lovers of the poet are familiar; and no one can fail to observe how appropriately his reflections take a religious turn, ending with the fine lines which express so sound a doctrine of theology:

"Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
And where the worsar is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant."

Upon the heated and distempered brow of Romeo calmly and sweetly falls the *benedicite* of the friar, like the fresh cool air of morning. Quite in character is the holy man's horror at the idea of guilt first crossing his mind,—a feeling which in his usual masterly manner, the poet conveys by the hurried exclamation:

"God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?
Romeo. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No.
Friar. That's my good son!"

Equally characteristic is the friar's observation on the equivocal explanation of Romeo:

"Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift."

And with great truthfulness and skill the poet makes him eager to assist Romeo;

"For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love."

The marriage-scene opens with his pious exclamation:

"So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!"

And the gentleness of his soul breathes out a chastened spirit over the transports of the young lovers, preparing the mind for the woe that is to follow. It would be impossible in fewer or more exquisite words to express the spirit of Christian elegy, than those in which he speaks the epitaph of Juliet:

"Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But Heaven keeps his part in eternal life."

It is in a similar spirit that Shakspeare always mentions friars, who are often introduced as confessors. Thus, in the play we have just quoted from, Juliet goes to the friar ostensibly for confession, and says,

"Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at *evening Mass*?"

an expression rather curious and not easily explainable. The count, her lover, at once understands her purpose, and asks :

"Came you to make confession to the father?"

So, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Silvia says to Sir Eglamour that he shall meet her

"At Friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession."

And soon afterwards, in the same play, we catch another sweet glimpse of the holy fathers ; the duke saying, when his daughter's flight is mentioned,

"'Tis true, for Friar Laurence met them both
As he in penance wander'd through the forest ;
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even."

The argument is certainly a fair one, and not without force, that had Shakspeare been in heart a Protestant, he would not have failed to avail himself of all these opportunities, to convey (as he so well knew how) impressions repulsive, rather than so sweetly attractive, of these religious orders, and of the holy rite of confession. The more so when we remember the brutal tone of the *Homilies* of the Church of England on this and all similar subjects, — *Homilies*, which in Shakspeare's life-time were "appointed to be read in churches." Compare with the language of those homilies, the following from Shakspeare, clearly showing that he possessed a perfectly correct appreciation of "holy confession :"

"*Friar*. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry ?

Julietta. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Friar. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound,

Or hollowly put on.

Julietta. I'll gladly learn."

Had the poet been imbued with those Protestant ideas of penance, he could not have given this fine and proper representation of it ; he would have been sure to have put it in the odious light in which prejudice and ignorance always delight to present it, instead of thus doing justice to it as a sacrament for the sincerely penitent.

Expressions on other subjects also are scattered throughout Shakspeare's plays, showing a sense of religion such as we can only imagine to have been implanted by the pious instructions of Catholic parents. Clarence says to his murderers :

"I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood, shed for our grievous sins;"

and Edward reproaches his nobles for not interceding on his brother's behalf, as they would have done for any of their vassals, who

"Had done a drunken slaughter, or defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer."

Hastings exclaims :

"Oh, momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God."

Elsewhere he uses the phrases, "as firm as faith." These expressions are scattered here and there like pearls, with a natural and careless freedom which looks extremely like a deep-seated sense of piety.

In "All's Well that ends Well," Helen utters these beautiful words, which seem imbued with much of the Catholic spirit of faith, humility, and piety :

"He that of greatest work is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister;
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes."

Our impression is, that in the "Winter's Tale," under cover of a beautiful eulogy on the heathen worship of ancient Sicily — for the introduction of which there was not the slightest necessity — Shakspeare expresses his own sense of the majesty of the Mass :

"Oh, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly,
It was i' the offering!"

This deep religious feeling in Shakspeare breaks out in his lightest and airiest scenes, as in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," where the fairies are addressed thus:

"Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere she sleep, hath thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep and think not on their sins
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins."

In his most playful moods, the great poet unconsciously betrays his latent religiousness; and, unlike the Puritans, whom he satirises as "peevish in prayer," he exhibits that true secret of Catholicity, the union of pleasantry and piety.

It is plain that Shakspeare's mind was utterly antagonistic to Puritanism; it was repulsive to him; and no one more frequently or forcibly expressed his aversions. Again and again he refers sarcastically to the Puritan character, and in a tone which no one imbued with Bible-reading Protestantism could possibly adopt. Thus he makes one of his worst characters say :

"But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them — that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stolen forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint when most I play the devil."

So in another play he has this passage :

" In religion,
What damned error, but *some sober brow*
Will bless it and approve it with a text;
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament :"

So in the same play, Gratian, a gay, good-humored fellow, is made to say :

" If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then;
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, *look demurely*, —
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen."

And again :

" Let me play the fool;
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come :
Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a willful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd up in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark !"

It is impossible not to see, that in these and similar passages the grim gravity and pharisaical formality of the Puritans, at that time, rapidly rising in influence, is satirised. It is plain that Shakspeare's soul had an instinctive aversion to Puritanism ; and that seems the same thing as saying that he had an attraction to Catholicity ; for the two principles are so essentially opposed, that a leaning to one involves a repulsion from the other.

It is in the casual coruscations of genius that we see more of its latent tendencies and real character, than in any more formal or elaborate efforts. And there is a *spirit* in the workings of genius too subtle to be seized or analysed ; like those finer properties of the air which escapes all detection of chemistry, and yet communicate to it either an exquisite sweetness or an oppressive deadness. It is in this subtle spirit of Shakspeare's poesy, which we cannot *catch* (so to speak) and set down in citations, that we find the main force of our argument. It is pregnant with latent Catholicity. It breathes forth, in a hundred delicate touches and indescribable beauties of feeling, the influence of Catholicity upon his soul. It is only by way of general description, rather than by selection of passages marked and quoted, that we can convey our idea of this property of his poetry, which speaks so eloquently of a Catholic education. To Catholics we can convey our meaning by saying, that we find dispersed through the marvellous creations of his genius all the sweet results of that realization of the doctrine of the Incarnation which is the exclusive attribute of the Catholic religion.

So, again, Shakspeare's poesy is bathed in love ; so that we may exclaim in his own exquisite language :

" Oh, spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou !"

Listen to these beautiful lines :

"Oh! she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her! When mind, and brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied and fill'd
(Her sweet perfections) with one sole king!"

It is no profanation to say, that this would not be unworthily applied to the all absorbing influence on the human soul of the love of the Sacred Heart! We say not, of course, that Shakspeare had a religious meaning present to his mind, but he had the capacity and predisposition for religious devotion which Catholic education implants; and that he who could sing in such noble strains of human love, must have had a heart touched by love divine.

Then, again, his *tenderness for woman*. There is nothing more marked in the great poet. Who remembers not the melting pathos of the words of Viola :

"For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Viola. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. There is no woman's aides
Can abide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart.

Viola. Ay, but I know, —

Duke. What dost thou know?

Viola. Too well what love women to men may owe.

My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship."

We need scarcely quote the exquisite passage that follows, which every reader of Shakspeare knows by heart; yet the temptation to quote is irresistible :

Duke. And what's her history?

Viola. A blank my lord.

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek."

We must stop, however, or we could go on for ever. We know not what our readers may think of our argument; but we are sure that they will pardon us any failure in reasoning for the sake of the object we have had in view, viz. to award Catholicism, what we believe to be its due, the credit of having nursed the genius and filled the mighty soul of Shakspeare.

THE ELLSWORTH OUTRAGE.

OUR readers will readily believe, that our failure to notice this melancholy and disgraceful occurrence, in the November number of the Magazine, proceeded from no insensibility to the seriousness of the considerations which it suggests. We preferred to wait until the whole of the attendant circumstances should be published to the world, being desirous not only to procure accurate information on the subject, ourselves, but to observe the spirit in which it would be discussed by the sectarian newspapers, and the general press of the country. Full time has certainly elapsed, for both of these purposes, and — whatever judgment may be passed upon the comments we are about to make — it cannot be said that we have ventured them hastily or rashly.

It appears that the Rev. Mr. Bapst, a Catholic priest, had charge of a parish in Bangor in the State of Maine, and that the sphere of his pastoral duties extended to the town of Ellsworth, some thirty miles distant, where he had previously resided. While living in Ellsworth, Mr. Bapst had been compelled to remonstrate, on the part of his flock, against the course of the authorities, who insisted upon compelling the Catholic children, in the public schools, to make use of books avowedly anti-catholic. The authorities having refused to alter the system, Mr. Bapst appealed, in the usual course of law, to the proper tribunal, before which the matter was pending at the time of the outrage, which went so near to ending in his murder. A Town-meeting, as we learn from the Bangor papers, was called at Ellsworth, in consequence of this appeal, and after voting that "the town" — that is, the taxable population, Catholic as well as Protestant — should pay the expenses of the anti-Catholic side of the controversy, the meeting went on in substance to resolve, that the Rev. Mr. Bapst should be lynched, if he should venture to appear again in Ellsworth. It was scarcely reasonable to suppose that a Christian clergyman and freeman, with any proper sense of his rights and obligations, would be deterred, by such a threat, from ministering to the people who worshipped under his charge. Mr. Bapst accordingly visited Ellsworth, on the 14th of October, in the regular course of his pastoral duties. On the night of that day, he was dragged, by a band of organized ruffians, from the house where he was lodging — was robbed, stripped, tarred and feathered, and after having been ridden on a rail, to a considerable distance, was flung into a ditch, as dead. His physical sufferings were aggravated, during the period of his torture, by every insult, indignity, and indecent violation of his person, which the coarse passions of the mob and their brutal imaginations could suggest. To prevent any misunderstanding of the feelings and motives which prompted the outrage and stimulated those who took part in it, he was assailed, on every side, with the grossest reviling and mockery of his religion, and the most ribald blasphemy of all that it considers venerable and holy. In the very midst of the scene, and when his interposition was demanded by every principle of humanity and duty, the Sheriff of the County, with some assistants, made his appearance, but he was not recognized (as the Bangor papers say) by the sufferer, in his agony, and availed himself of the fact to pass on in another direction, under pretence of seeking, elsewhere, the outlaws who were at work before his eyes. The unhappy priest, abandoned to his fate, was under the necessity, as soon as he revived, of walking, naked, to his residence — more than half a mile distant — in a cold and pelting storm. The next day (Sunday) the populace, surprised to find that he was still alive, began to threaten a renewal of their violence, unless he should at once depart — but the members of his congregation having

armed themselves for his protection, sustained by some of the more respectable of the Protestant community, he remained at Ellsworth until Monday, when he celebrated mass, before proceeding on his journey.

These, we believe, are, without exaggeration, the material facts of the case. We have taken them from the local and Protestant newspapers, some of which, we feel bound to say, have treated the whole occurrence in a liberal and manly spirit, commanding our highest consideration and respect.

It is undoubtedly painful, under any circumstances, to hear of the death or persecution of a Christian Missionary, encountered in the propagation of his faith. Such things, however, have been too common, in the career of the Church; have been endured with too much heroic self-sacrifice, and are too sure of their reward, to be long mourned over. In this point of view, it is — and certainly from no want of sympathy — that we consider the cruel sufferings of the Rev. Mr. Bapst as the smallest part of the sad history before us. If he had been tortured or murdered in a land of pagans or painted savages — on some wild, heathen coast, or beneath the shadows of some awful forest, where church-bells had never sounded — it would have been but one more martyr added to the holy army, and one more sin committed by those who knew not what they did. If the wrong had been consummated within the borders of some nation, where persecution was the policy of the state and the brutality of individuals was merged in the wickedness of the social system, it would have been, in comparison, as nothing. But the thing was done, in a land of education and freedom, where the inviolability of the citizen, in his person and conscience, is the life of the law and the bulwark and boast of the people. The third section of the Declaration of Rights of the State of Maine, contains the following charter of religious liberty:

“All men have a natural and inalienable right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own consciences, and no one shall be hurt, molested or restrained, in his person, liberty or estate, for worshipping God in the manner and season most agreeable to the dictates of his own conscience, nor for his religious professions or sentiments, provided he does not disturb the public peace nor obstruct others in their religious worship — and all persons demeaning themselves peaceably as good members of the State, shall be equally under the protection of the laws, and no subordination nor preference of any one sect or denomination to another shall ever be established by law, nor shall any religious test be required, as a qualification for any office or trust under this State.”

Against the victim of the Ellsworth outrage, in whom all these emphatic guarantees of the Constitution of Maine were violated, not even slander has breathed a whisper of personal unworthiness. He is a man of piety and learning, of kindly temper, of gentle manners, of pure and upright life. It is not pretended that he had failed in any of the charities which became him as a man, or the obligations incumbent on him as a citizen. So far was he from having violated the law or invaded it, in fact or spirit, that the proceeding which was the excuse for his maltreatment was a formal and respectful resort to its interposition, through the customary, appointed tribunal.

Nor is the town which this occurrence has disgraced forever, a paltry village, where a band of outlaws might commit an act of violence, and escape, before a scattered population could rally around the law. It is a place of large and increasing commercial importance, with a population of five thousand, and all the usual organization and appliances for the protection of person and property. Ignorance can furnish it no extenuation. The town has its churches and schools — no doubt its lecture-rooms and philosophers — as all New England towns have. If a question were made, any where, as to enlightenment and civilization, its inhabitants

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would boil with indignation at the suggestion of a doubt, that they were far above the "benighted" cities of the European continent. Of the five thousand who dwell within its limits, there was probably not one but had been taught from his infancy to turn towards the Rock of Plymouth, whenever toleration was talked of, and bow his head, in reverence, as a Mussulman before the black stone of Mecca.

Unhappily too, the constituted authorities of Ellsworth could not have been taken by surprise. They had full and public notice that the outrage was contemplated — with ample time, opportunity and means to guard against the possibility of its perpetration. If they did not prevent it, it was because they would not. The individuals, who planned and executed it, were well known to the community and to the officers of the law — having boldly proposed and resolved upon the commission of the crime, at a formal public meeting, before the eyes and in the hearing of all the world.

The act, then, was a gross violation of the constitution and the law, committed with knowledge and deliberation — without palliation or excuse — and with the permission, if not the connivance, of the civil government. But were even this all, there might still be consolation. Public opinion is sometimes a refuge from persecution, where the law gives no shelter, and there is often that, in the countenance and support and the indignant vindication of good men, which makes amends for the violence of the lawless and the faithlessness of officials to their trust. Unhappily, the present case has no such features to redeem or to relieve it. With a few honorable exceptions, the public press has passed over the occurrence without comment, or with those faint common-places of condemnation which are usually applied to a riot at a dram-shop or a brawl at a brothel. "Rowdiness" — "reprehensible proceeding" — "disgraceful" — and a few similar expressions, at the head of a telegraphic despatch, are all that many of the most influential papers throughout the country have deemed it proper to publish, in regard to one of the most serious invasions of the liberty of the citizen, which they have as yet been called to record. The most of them have been careful to couple their information with the statement, that the sufferer was "an Italian" or "a German," or "a Jesuit" — the connexion conveying their obvious impression that he was thus entitled to no better treatment.

Let our readers turn aside with us, for a moment. If an excited crowd of "Papists" — no matter what the provocation — had laid violent hands on the meanest and most unworthy of the gang of propagandists and brawlers, who live by huckstering "No Popery" at the corners of the streets, what a howl for blood would have gone up throughout the land! What churches would have been burned! what convents sacked! what an outcry would have been heard about the persecutions of the Church of Rome and the inconsistency of her tenets and practices with republican institutions! Suppose that the individual assaulted had been — not an American citizen — but the lowest of the Leahys, and Orrs and Gavazzis — the most abandoned of the runagate foreigners, who are welcomed so cordially here, on their errand of hate! Would the excitement have been less fearful, the retribution less sure? What press would have dared to extenuate the crime — nay even to visit it with slight condemnation? What orations on the liberty of speech would have swollen the columns of the journals, and have thundered along the walls of the tabernacles! What "peaceful" processions, armed with revolvers, would have gone about, shooting down "Irishmen," in vindication of "American principles!"

Is not all this true — every word of it — simply and literally true? Alas, it is not only true, but it is sadly significant. It can mean but one thing. It tells

but one story, and that is of the wide-spread, almost universal existence, among the Protestant population — particularly in the Eastern States — of a spirit of intolerance, towards the Catholic religion and those who profess it, utterly at war with the genius of our institutions, with the law's freedom, and the constitution's guaranties. It is the indication of this spirit — a wild, aggressive, belligerent fanaticism — that gives to the case which we are treating, its solemn import. It is this, that makes men pause and shudder, when such outrages are alluded to. It is this that makes those worshipping at the same altar with the victim, who may be subjects of the same outlawry, fold their arms in sorrow and take counsel, one of another, as to what may happen, and how they shall meet it when it comes. Laws and constitutions are a mockery, when the principles which they consecrate are cast out from the hearts of the people. There is no safety in parchments — no bulwark in statute books — when men fall away from them. And when the law fails and its arm is nerveless — where shall the refuge of those be, whose hope and shield it was? What is the vista that opens for those who are proscribed, when the strongest shall rule, and their ruling shall have neither heart nor conscience?

These are subjects, certainly, for grave and painful meditation. We cannot shut our eyes to them — for they glare upon us daily. We cannot ignore the fact that a fanaticism — to which a few years back, even a bigot would have hardly pleaded guilty, though he felt it — is now one of the admitted principles of a large and powerful political organization. There are some who would fain believe that it is an accidental element in that organization. For our part, we are satisfied that it is at once the corner-stone and the cement of the wall. It is our deliberate conviction, that the conservative political principles professed by the so called "American Party," are those which have contributed least to its recent triumphs, and will have least to do with its future success. There are many right-minded and liberal persons, who have been led into its ranks by the exuberance of their nationality, and who believe that its anti-catholic and proscriptive doctrines are an ephemeral evil, which will soon pass away, leaving permanent the good with which it is assumed that they are but temporarily united. We are satisfied that this is a delusion, and that events will prove it to be such. We are convinced that every effort to discard the "No Popery" test will be resisted by the main strength of the organization, and that the party will be shorn of its power and popularity, precisely in proportion as it abandons its warfare upon those who profess the Catholic religion. It will become apparent, we are sure, whenever the question shall be tried, that the "forty parson power" is what animates and impels the machine — and our readers need not be told upon what terms only the "drum ecclesiastic" will consent to be beaten before the tents of party. Fanaticism fights for its own victories, and never will forego, but on compulsion, the right of plundering whom it slays.

What the result will be, when it shall have been made apparent, or shall be confessed, that "Know Nothingism" (as it is styled) has its life from a sectarian malignity which bids defiance to law and constitution, we cannot undertake to prophesy. It is our sincere and ardent hope — to some extent our trust — that the exposure of a state of things so un-American, un-Christian and uncivilized, will throw all good men back upon their patriotism, and arrest even the thoughtless and unwise in a career so full of peril and injustice. But we confess that with our hope and trust there are strong misgivings mingled. We have seen how fanaticism, uniting itself with corrupt political ambition, has organized a fearful combination, throughout the North, against the rights of property guaranteed by the

constitution to the South. We have seen how religion and the sacred name of its Founder have been invoked to consecrate this abominable alliance — how the pulpits have been made its instruments, and the churches its strongholds. We have seen blood run freely at its bidding, while preachers blessed the murder. Cities have been kept under martial law to prevent its triumph — the rights of the citizen guarded with difficulty from its invasion by the array of baton and bayonet. It has tampered with men's consciences, openly, in the highest places, and has sneered and preached away their oaths, most solemnly sworn before God. It is now erect and vigorous — as full as ever of resources and vindictive resolution. While such things are, how can we venture to affirm that the same spirit, with similar political adjuncts, will respect religious liberty more than it regards the rights of property? Why will it bow to the organic law, in one connexion, when spurning and trampling on it in another?

Mr. Bryant has sung in philosophic verse — and all the stump-orators are fond of singing after him — that while "truth, crushed," will always rise again, it is the fate of "error wounded" to "writhe with pain" and perish. We are not disposed, of course, to doubt the eternity of truth, but it would be a happy thing, if the world's experience were as satisfactory as the poet's, in regard to the incapacity of error to heal its wounds and rush back, rampant, to its battles. Without being exactly "eternal," falsehood is quite as long-lived as man, and its longevity is thus amply sufficient for all human purposes of mischief. There is no better illustration of this, than the history of the fanaticism which we have been considering. There is not a tenet, a slang phrase, a clap-trap or an untruth, of those which make up the present "No Popery" stock in trade, which was not said, sung, paraded, exposed, refuted, laughed at and put down, at least an hundred times, before any mortal now living was born. In England, Catholic Emancipation put an end to them in a practical point of view — it was supposed forever. Although Sydney Smith wrote, when he was giving them a finishing blow, that "a little chalk on the wall and a profound ignorance of the subject soon raise a cry of no Popery," it was still believed that the ignorance referred to had been enlightened or shamed, and the chalk had forsaken its mission. And in England, for all practical purposes, so it has been. The stale and paltry cant about "obedience to a foreign potentate," "dispensation from oaths of allegiance," "indulgence for breaking faith with heretics," &c., &c., which at this moment is frightening republican America from its propriety, now only survives, in England, to drone through some evangelical nose in a fourth class conventicle, or adorn the discourses of "Y^e Christian gentlemen" at Exeter Hall, as they appear in the immortal tableau of Punch! And yet here, at a later day, under a more advanced civilization — in a country boasting its independence of European traditions and proud of its superiority to European prejudice — the cast-off bigotry of the old world comes to life again, and men welcome, with all their hearts — as if it were a luxury to hate their brethren — the demolished absurdities, the despised and hackneyed slanders, which the country we sprang from now remembers but as stains upon her history! With her, their overthrow was a triumph of the nation over the intolerance of the law. With us, their renewal is a treason of the citizen to the principles which dignify the constitution. The British people rose above their system. Can it be, that we are doomed to sink below the level of ours? The future must answer this question. We cannot augur favorably of the end, if the Ellsworth outrage is a significant part of the beginning.

THE CHILD OF THE CHOIR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

CHAPTER I.

The Widow and the deserted Child.

On the left hand of the Aube, and not far from the little town of Arcis, celebrated for the disasters it encountered during the war of the invasion of 1814, is a village, in a beautifully picturesque situation, having the river on one side, and hills crowned with flourishing vineyards on the other. It had resumed, after the fatal epoch of which we speak, the agreeable and sprightly aspect it formerly presented, and every where the industrious hands of its inhabitants had effaced the marks of devastation and mourning imprinted upon it by the horrors of war.

A short time after the elevation of Napoleon to the empire, a vehicle stopped one evening, a short distance from the village at the door of one of the houses, then occupied by a widow, who though not rich, was nevertheless in comfortable circumstances, which she augmented every year by her industry and economy.

Susanna Joubert, this was the widow's name, had lost her husband by one of those fatal and unexpected accidents, which always add poignancy to the grief such a misfortune occasions.

Though she did not bear it with entire resignation, she rejected with disdain the proposals made to her to contract new ties.

Susanna was loved in the village, though from the time of her affliction she lived in complete seclusion, scarcely being seen except at mass on Sundays, at which she never failed to assist, clad in her robes of widowhood, which she was determined never to lay aside.

She was good and charitable, but quick and impulsive, and the curate of the village alone had power to calm her and make her listen to reason.

There was great excitement in the village occasioned by the extraordinary visit made to Susanna Joubert, for a rich and splendid equipage did not usually stop at a farm house in the country, in which none of the inhabitants could claim relations of such rank.

There was much gossip at the White Cross, the name of the village, where the events of the history we are about to relate occurred, but they were lost in vain conjectures concerning this singular visit. Much greater was their surprise, when on the following Sunday, Susanna was seen leading to church a beautiful child about five years old, dressed with sufficient elegance to justify the suspicion that his parents were rich. No one, however, dared to question Susanna on the subject, for it was well understood, that she was little disposed to make her private affairs the subject of conversation. It was nevertheless whispered that the child's name was Seraphin, or at least, that such was the name given it by Susanna.

This circumstance appeared for a moment to make her forget her sorrows. Her countenance generally pale and melancholy, was now lighted up with a brilliant color, and she became as beautiful as she had been before her widowhood. It was remarked also, that the curate, the worthy Mr. Bennett, whose noble character, enlightened piety, and zeal for his flock, screened him from slander, went more

frequently to the house of Susanna; and it was concluded that he had taken charge of the child's education.

All was forgotten, even in the village, where the monotony of life generally creates chatting and foolish gossiping; and the people of the White Cross, seeing Seraphin frequently, thought no more of the circumstances which brought him among them. They had become accustomed to the seclusion in which Susanna, formerly gay and communicative, now lived.

Two years passed by; Seraphin, as he grew up, displayed the most happy dispositions; he appeared to love Susanna tenderly, and profitted much by the lessons of Mr. Bennet, but he was constantly sad and silent; and seemed born for study and meditation. During his hours of leisure, he would seat himself under the willows, which border the banks of the Aube, absorbed in an ecstasy of delight amid the smiling scene of nature. His heart opened with a sweet predilection to the inspirations of religion. Susanna had accustomed him to say his prayers aloud; and when he knelt before the little wooden cross, ornamented with blessed box, suspended at the head of his bed, he prayed for his father and mother whom he knew by no other names, his voice assumed an accent peculiarly touching and harmonious, and often his face was bathed in tears. He was exquisitely beautiful, but in these moments of high and sublime inspiration, his noble features assumed a celestial expression, and justified the name Susanna had given him.

The good curate, who became daily more and more attached to his pupil, thought that for the good of his health, as well as to dissipate the profound melancholy in which he always appeared to be plunged, he should share in the physical exercises suited to his age, though he had never shown any attraction for the sports of his companions. He obeyed, evidently to please the curate and Susanna, and mingled with the joyous bands of the village children, who ran about like a flock of starlings, filling the air, the neighboring hills and green banks of the Aube with shouts of merriment. Many times he proved to them that he was not deficient in strength or skill; and those who were at first disposed to rail at him, were forced to acknowledge themselves surpassed by him in the feats they were performing; but these pleasures of childhood's years had no charms for him.

Like his companions he was expert at racing and wrestling; he knew how to leap over hedges and ditches, and could climb in a short time, the highest branches of the pear tree; but Seraphin always, even in spite of himself, would separate himself from his noisy and adventurous friends. Solitude possessed for him inexpressible delights. The poor child! what thoughts would agitate his young mind when seated near some old tree, with his eyes raised towards Heaven as if to seek there that sweet peace, which he did not find around him.

Two years more elapsed. The mournful melancholy, which had left Susanna for a moment, returned, and with it her former pale countenance: often Seraphin would surprise her in the arbor of the garden near the house, shedding abundant tears, and beseeching God to take her to himself. The child would weep with her and taking her hands would cover them with kisses, vainly endeavoring to console, by his tenderness and affectionate caresses his adopted mother. Alas! it was in vain! Susanna had received too cruel a blow, her wound was re-opened, and she must sink under it. A change as sudden as it was alarming was visible in her, and unmistakable symptoms announced her approaching end.

The good curate did not leave her in those solemn moments, when the dying Christian no longer belongs to this world but by his pains.

At length, profiting by a moment, when Seraphin had gone to the garden to conceal his tears from his benefactress, Susanna raised herself painfully on her bed and addressing herself to the curate, said to him in a faltering voice: My Father, I rely upon your charity, that the young angel confided to my care, may not be left without a protector on the earth, when I shall be no more. The secret of his birth does not belong to me, and I cannot confide it, even to you, who have come to open the gates of Heaven for me, and he himself will perhaps never know it; suffice it to know, that I was the foster sister of his noble mother, and that my Seraphin is her legitimate son, you will not abandon to the world this child so young and so good. He is the fruit of an unhappy marriage, but one day I hope, and I will ask it of God as soon as I appear before him, his parents will come to claim him. O my father! do not allow any malediction to outrage my tomb. I engage before God and men, replied the curate, to take charge of your adopted child, he shall become mine.

"My God, may your name be blessed," cried Susanna; "nothing now remains for me, but to go to you." At this moment Seraphin came and knelt at the bed of his dying friend; she still had strength enough to smile upon him and bless him, then she fell into a profound sleep and breathed her last sigh.

CHAPTER II.

The Pupil of the Pastor.

Nearly a year had elapsed since the sad day of Susanna's departure from this world; Seraphin's grief had been tender and deep, but the voice of religion, whose sublime and consoling teachings he already understood, penetrated his heart, and shed upon it that placid and soothing resignation, of which it alone contains the secret. Twice a day this devoted child went to pray at the grave of his benefactress; he watered with his own hands the flowers he had planted upon it, and from that time forward, it was impossible to make him participate in the amusements of his former companions. He gave himself up to study with an unexampled ardor, and never quitted it except to aid his pious preceptor in the functions of his holy ministry.

One day the Curate took Seraphin with him to walk; they promenaded on the banks of the Aube, whose placid and pure waters reflected the departing rays of the sun. The weather was calm and the sky serene. "Seraphin," said the curate, "I have purposely placed you in the presence of this marvelous scene, in which the power and beauty of God are so magnificently displayed, because I have something important to say to you. Listen, my son; answer me from your heart. Oh! do not blush so: I know that a lie has never sullied your lips; but you may be drawn by a sentiment of gratitude to give me an answer of which you may one day have to repent. It is your inmost thought I wish to know."

"My excellent father," said Seraphin with emotion, "can I have a thought you do not already know? I should be so unhappy if you doubted me."

"No, my child," replied the curate; I am accustomed to read your inmost soul, and be not proud of it, there is none purer among the angels, but it is to your reason that I wish to speak to-day. Seraphin, I am as ignorant of your parents, as you are yourself; you have no doubt been separated from them by very grave

circumstances, for I am certain that they love you tenderly. One day (and may God grant this as a recompense for your early piety and virtue), they will remember you, they will open their arms to you — they will come and demand of me a strict account of your education. You are advanced in your studies; but there is much knowledge for you to acquire, of which I know little, and which will be necessary and useful for you in the world. I doubt not that your talents, your noble and exalted sentiments, will entitle you to a distinguished position in society. My intention is to send you to the Lyceum at Rheims."

"To separate me from you," cried Seraphin. "No my father, no, this is not possible; is it? You do not wish me to die."

"My child," said the curate, much affected; "you have not then understood me. Do you not see, that this separation, as painful to me as it is to you, is a proof of my tenderness for you? Do you wish me to dispose of your future life?"

"My future, oh! God does not wish it to be placed in any other hands than yours, my father! My father, do not forsake me."

"Seraphin, my dear child, reflect well, the moment has come for you to choose a state of life."

"A state of life! O! my father," said Seraphin with enthusiasm, "is not that which opens before me to-day, the most noble and the most beautiful a man can follow. Reared by you at the foot of the altar, I wish to render myself worthy one day to receive the mission you fulfil: there is no other ambition in my heart; what need have I of the knowledge of which you speak. To do good like you, to pray, and to console the afflicted, is not this all the science that God requires of his ministers?"

"Dear child," replied the curate in a grave tone; "is this really your final determination? Reflect, that God hears you, and that it is you whom he will punish if ever you repent of it and complain of my weakness in yielding to your desires."

"Oh! never! never! My father, bless me and listen to my prayers." "Seraphin, I bless you, and receive your vows, as the purest and most cherished desires of your heart."

Seraphin threw himself into the arms of the curate, and the next day he laid aside his secular dress and assumed that worn by the candidates for holy orders. His studies were now directed towards the profession he had chosen for life.

During four years the Child of the Choir fulfilled with unwearied zeal all the duties imposed upon him. His charity and piety went beyond bounds. It occasionally the good curate was obliged to give him a paternal reprimand, it was only to moderate his zeal, and to teach him that he must not do more than God demanded of him.

As Seraphin advanced in years, he developed the most brilliant qualities, the germs of which it had pleased God to plant in his heart. Being charged by the curate to instruct the young boys of the village, he accomplished this duty with as much intelligence as happiness. Mild, forbearing and charitable, he was loved by all; the friend of the poor and the sick, he consecrated to the first the fruits of his earnings, and to the second his nights and days. Persons came from a distance to see the "Child of the Choir" of the White Cross. The humble Seraphin had acquired, in all this part of Champagne, a reputation which gave joy to his adopted father and benefactor.

At this period Seraphin was no longer a child; he was a tall and handsome young man, but simple and modest; he appeared to be ignorant of the advantages

with which God had endowed him. When the curate would praise him for some beautiful action, he would kiss his hand and say mournfully, why is not my good Susanna here!

It was the middle of the year 1811: the moment was come when the "Child of the Choir," must, whether or not, be separated from the curate; he was about to enter the Seminary to prepare to receive holy orders.

One morning a post-chaise stopped before the farm house of Susanna Joubert, now occupied by some of her relations, heirs to her property. A few moments afterwards it passed rapidly through the village and stopped in the curate's yard; a gentleman of a commanding figure, and noble and imposing appearance, dressed in military costume of high rank, alighted from the carriage. It was Seraphin who received him.

"Mr. Bennett," said the stranger hurriedly. "Will you walk in, sir," replied the "Child of the Choir; "he is at home."

The stranger appeared troubled and uneasy, and Seraphin experienced an inexpressible oppression of heart, when he saw him enter the presbytery, and heard him say in an under tone whilst looking at him—"impossible!" A crowd of sad and tumultuous thoughts immediately agitated the mind of Seraphin. Was it for him he had come? Who was he? What did he want with him? A tear stole down his cheek, his heart was oppressed with an indefinable emotion. His perplexity did not last long: the visitor had not been shut up ten minutes with the curate when the latter called Seraphin.

The young man's heart beat violently, he ascended slowly the stairs that led to the parlor; the door was partly open, and he saw the curate half bent upon his arm chair, holding a pocket handkerchief to his eyes; the stranger with his elbow resting on the table, looked haughtily and impatiently about. "Seraphin," said the curate in a voice tenderly affectionate—"the will of God destroys to-day your work and mine; it calls you to the world, it restores you to your family and rank. This is your father." "My father!" said the young man turning pale; then he saluted the stranger with respect and threw himself into the arms of the curate.

"What are you doing, my child?" said Mr. Bennett; "did I not tell you that the General Count of A. was your father?"

"I am not offended, Mr. Curate," said the General with dignity, "at the conduct of the young man; it is perfectly natural, he does not yet know me, but by an abandonment which must have appeared very cruel to him when he was able to comprehend his position. Poor Charles! We will make you forget the sorrows of your infancy: a tender mother awaits you, to call you her son and to press you to her heart. She will be proud of you. Do you know, Charles, that you resemble her, and I am your father, have you nothing to say to me? Will you not pardon me?" "Oh, my father!" said the young man, whilst receiving the caresses of the General: "Heaven is my witness that I appreciate the happiness of being yours; but a cruel uneasiness devours me at present: what will you do with me?" The curate bent down his head, crossing his arms upon his breast.

"Charles," replied the General, "circumstances which you will soon know, have deprived you of the care and affection of your parents, for whom nevertheless, your birth was a subject of joy and happiness. Will you not to-day respond to their dearest wishes? will you not dry the tears that have flowed for eighteen years?"

"Leave this country, and forever!" cried Charles; "leave my adopted father and peace and happiness! O, never! never!"

"You must do it, nevertheless, and that at this very moment," replied the General mildly but firmly. "Charles, when you are in the bosom of your family, you will comprehend the duties it imposes on you; you cannot follow the vocation you have chosen. I expect from you submission to my will; you will not, I hope, by an act of disobedience to your father, deny the religious sentiments with which you seem to be animated."

"You hear, my son," said the curate. "The voice of a father is that of God himself. You would be unworthy the holy ministry to which you desire to devote yourself, were you to resist your father's wishes. Let the will of God be done! Farewell, my Seraphin! My beloved son, obey your father—and when far away think sometimes of him, who cherished you with the tenderest love in childhood's years."

"My father, bless me," replied Charles; and after a moment's silence and hesitation, he cast himself upon his knees before the curate, who placed his trembling hands upon his head—then he raised himself and said to the General with an effort—"Sir, I await your orders."

A moment after, the post-chaise bore the "Child of the Choir" far away from the White Cross.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Pange Lingua.

Celebrate in anthems lofty
The supernal mystery
Which the mighty king of nations
Offers us divine and free:
Offspring of a womb predestined
Full of purity and grace,
Lo! He gives His glorious body
And His blood for our lost race!
Clothed with power—divinely tender,
Lo! He spreads the mystic feast,
Veiling from our eyes His splendor,
Is Himself our food and guest!

Long foretold by hoary prophets,
Earth's Redeemer comes at last!
Wondrous love all love excelling,
Dissipates the shadowy past—
Comes in human guise most lowly
Of a Virgin mother born,
With her life, His life was blended—
Through His heart, her heart was torn;
While the word He broadly scattered
'Till His wondrous mission's close,
Gifts divine, a God revealing,
Down through Time a glory throws.

Pange Lingua.

Falls the night gloom on the Saviour,
 Heavily His life-tide beats,
 While His band with Him reclining
 Serve the Lord with legal ments:
 Then the paschal rite all over
 Ancient types no more appear,
 And the twelve with awe receive Him
 Filled with mystic joy and fear!
 Wondering still, but oh! believing
 'Tis himself His hands impart;
 Precious blood and glorious body,
 Jesus! in thy gift have part.

God divine, in flesh incarnate,
 By His word makes flesh of bread;
 Wine becomes His blood fast flowing,
 Though the senses shrink with dread,
 Though they, trembling, view the wonder,
 FAITH can pierce the mystic veil,
 Grasp with burning soul the treasure,
 Though all human reasons fail;
 FAITH beholds the Lamb unblemished
 Glorious through His lowly guise,
 Tearless she receives her Saviour
 In the bloodless sacrifice.

Bending lowly—come adoring
 This soul-healing mystery—
 Ancient forms their reign relinquish
 To the New Rites' majesty—
 Open wide the soul's fair portals
 Cleanse with tears its inner shrine,
 On its lintels blood is sprinkled,
 Sprinkled by a guest divine.
 Entering in He spreads the banquet,
 Jesus! Master! it is thou!
 In the tempest oh! draw near me,
 And on me thyself bestow!

To the Father praise forever,
 To the Son divine all power,
 Honor, Glory, benediction,
 Jubilation evermore:—
 And to him from both proceeding
 Equal praises ever be:
 Heavenly Dove! Consoling Spirit!
 Praise be thine eternally! D.

THE DIALOGUES OF ST. GREGORY.—VI.

BOOK II.

THE LIFE OF ST. BENEDICT, PATRIARCH OF ALL THE WESTERN MONKS.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE WAS a man of holy life, Benedictus—blessed by grace as well as by name, who from his earliest childhood was possessed of a manly heart. Surpassing indeed his years by his virtuous manners, he gave no thought to pleasure; but so long as he was on this earth, though free to use it for a time, yet he despised, as if already withered, the flower of this world. Derived of a good family in the province of Nursia, he was sent for a liberal education to Rome. But perceiving that many engaged in literary studies were abandoned to vice, he drew back the foot he had placed, as it were, on the threshold of the world, lest if he attained to something of its wisdom, he should afterward fall headlong. The study of letters therefore rejected, leaving his father's house and goods, and desirous only to please God, he sought the higher state of a holy life. Thus he retreated, knowingly ignorant, and wisely unlearned. All the acts of this one, I have not learned, but a few which I now relate, I received from the account of four of his disciples; to wit, Constantine, a truly reverend man who succeeded him in the rule of the monastery; Valentine, many years abbot of the Lateran monastery; Simplicius, the third after him who ruled his congregation; and Honoratus, who even now presides over the house where he first established himself.

CHAPTER I.

HOW HE REPAIRED THE BROKEN FAN.

WHEN, therefore, the study of letters being abandoned, he had determined to seek the deserts, his nurse alone, who tenderly loved him, went with him. And when he had come to a place called Afide, where many devout persons wishing out of charity to detain him, they dwelt at the Church of Blessed Peter the Apostle, his nurse before mentioned borrowed of some of the women in the neighborhood a fan for winnowing her wheat, which being left carelessly upon a table, was by chance broken, so that it was found in fragments. When the nurse returning soon after thus found it, she began greatly to lament that the vessel which had been entrusted to her should be broken. But as Benedict, the devout and affectionate child, observed the weeping of his nurse, taking compassion upon her grief, he carried away by himself the broken pieces of the fan, and began with tears to pray. Upon rising from prayer, he found the fan before him entire, so that not even a trace of the fracture could be discovered. Then kindly consoling his nurse, he returned to her the winnowing fan now whole, which he had just brought away broken. Which fact was acknowledged by all in that place, and was held in such admiration that the inhabitants suspended the fan itself in the entrance of the church; whereby all present and to come should know the boy Benedict—in what perfection he began the grace of a holy life. For many years it was there

in sight of every one, and until these times of the Longobards, still hung above the doors of the church.

But Benedict desiring rather to suffer the evils of the world than its praises, and for the love of God, to be fatigued by the labors, than to be exalted by the favors of this life, secretly left his nurse, and gained a solitary part of the desert called Subiaco, distant near forty miles from the city of Rome; abounding in cool and clear springs, the waters of which first meeting in an extensive lake, afterward flow forth in the river Anio. Hither while hastening on his way, a certain monk named Romanus discovered him, and enquired whither he went; and upon learning his intention, both kept his secret and lent him his assistance, giving him the religious habit, and in all that he could, supplying his wants. The man of God coming then to this place, committed himself to a narrow cave, and for three years, except to Romanus, remained unknown to men. Romanus himself was living not far away in a monastery under the rule of the Father Adeodatus; but piously stealing away at times from the notice of the father, he carried on certain days to Benedict, such of his own allowance of bread as he could hide away. There was no path from the cell of Romanus to the cave, because of a lofty rock overhanging the same; but from its summit he was wont to let down the food by a long rope, to which rope also he fastened a little bell, that at its sound the man of God should have notice when Romanus was holding to him the bread, and should come forth to receive it. But the enemy of our race envying the charity of the one and the solace of the other, when one day he saw the bread lowered down, threw a stone and broke the bell. Romanus ceased not however to serve him by other contrivances. And when now Almighty God was pleased to give Romanus rest from his labors, and to shew forth the life of Benedict for an example to men, that as a candle set upon a candlestick he should shine, giving light to all who are in the house of God, a certain priest residing at some distance, who had prepared a dinner for the Easter festival, beheld the Lord condescending to him in a vision and saying: "Thou preparest delicacies for thyself, while my servant yonder is starving with hunger." Immediately he arose, and the same Easter-day set forth with the food he had prepared for himself; and seeking the man of God among the steepes of the mountains, the hollows of the valleys and in the holes of the earth, he finds him hid within his cave. And when prayer being said, they had sat down together blessing God, after some pleasant discourse of heavenly things, the priest said: "Arise, let us eat, for this Easter-day." To whom the man of God answered: "I know it is Easter, because I have deserved to see thee." Living so far away from men, he was in truth ignorant that, that same day was the Paschal Festival. But the reverend presbyter again repeated: "Truly to-day is the Paschal day of our Lord's Resurrection; it is not proper for thee to abstain, and besides for this very purpose have I been sent, that together we may partake of the bounty of Almighty God." Therefore blessing God, they partook of the food. Finished then the repast, and the colloquy, the priest returned to his church.

About the same time shepherds found him lurking in the cave; whom as they perceived among the foliage, clad in skins, they supposed to be some wild beast; but coming to know the servant of God, many of them were converted from their own beastly mind, to the grace of piety. Thus his name became known to all that vicinity, and from that time he began to be visited by many, who, while they carried to him the food of the body, brought away in their hearts the word of life from his lips.

CHAPTER II.

HOW HE OVERCAME THE TEMPTATIONS OF THE FLESH.

ONE day a little black-bird began to fly about his head, and to thrust itself in his face with such importunity, that if he wished, the saint could have taken it in his hand; but upon making the sign of the cross it disappeared. Afterward, however, such a temptation of the flesh followed, as the holy man had never known before. The evil spirit brought before his imagination a certain woman he had formerly seen, and so inflamed his mind with her beauty, that the fire of love within his heart could scarcely be controlled, and almost overcome by pleasure, he was even thinking to abandon the solitary life. When suddenly, regarded by the divine compassion, he returned to himself, and observing a thick growth of nettles and briars which flourished near by, throwing off his clothes, he threw himself naked upon the sharp thorns and stinging nettles; and having rolled himself for a time among them, came forth wounded throughout his whole body; and by these corporal wounds erased the mental one, since he turned the pleasure into pain. And while he burned outwardly with wholesome penance, the unlawful flame within was extinguished. Thus he overcame the sin, when he changed the fires. From that time, as he afterward declared to his disciples, the temptation of pleasure was so subdued in him, that he found nothing of the kind within himself. And now many began to leave the world and hasten to place themselves under his direction. Free himself from vicious temptations, he was by good right made a master of virtue. Even as it was commanded through Moses [Num. vii, 24], that the Levites, from twenty-five years and upward, should serve in the tabernacle, but from their fiftieth year should be made keepers of the sacred vessels.

PETER. — The example you have given, I partly understand, but I beg to have it expounded more plainly.

GREGORY. — It is evident, Peter, that in youth the passions are hot, while from the fiftieth year, the blood begins to cool: now the sacred vessels are the souls of the faithful. While therefore the elect are under temptation, they must obey and serve them, and must be exercised in laborious duties; but when at a calmer period of life, the heat of temptation is passed, they are keepers of the vessels, because made directors of souls.

PETER. — I confess I am pleased with what you say; but now you have disclosed the hidden meaning of the text, I pray thee let us return to the life you commenced of this just man.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Review of Current Literature.

1. MEMOIRES HISTORIQUES SUR L'AUSTRALIE, par Mgr. *Rudesindo Salgado*, Religieux Bénédictin, Evêque de Port Victoria. 8vo. pp. 442. Paris: Penguet. 1854.

This is a most interesting work on the Catholic missions in the land of gold, chiefly on those of the Benedictines. Unlike many such works, it gives a full account of the country, its inhabitants, productions, &c., so that the reader can read understandingly. As a contribution to ethnology it is extremely interesting from its ample vocabulary.

2. HISTOIRE DE LA PREMIERE MISSION CATHOLIQUE au Vicariat de Mélanésie, par C. M. *Leopold Verguet*, Missionnaire Apostolique. 8vo. pp. 320. Carcassonne: Labau. 1854.

This is another work on the missions of Oceanica, less profound, but on the whole more interesting. While sufficiently full on the manners, customs and especially the language of the natives of the group of islands off the coast of Australia, it is much more full and edifying in its account of the missionaries, their privations, persecutions, and even in several instances, their martyrdom. We trust ere long to see it in English.

3. L'EMPIRE CHINOIS, par M. l'Abbé *Huc*. 2 vols. 8vo. Imprimerie Imperiale. Paris: 1854.

This work in spite of its title is only a continuation of the inimitable Travels in Tartary and Thibet, by Huc and Gabet. It contains much relative to the customs and manners of China, but this is of comparatively little value, several fuller works being easily accessible. The great interest of the work is the personal narrative of the author, and the various incidents on which he seizes with rare humor and describes with infinite gusto. A translation has been announced in England, but we should prefer a small volume, embracing the narrative simply.

4. VIE DU R. P. JOSEPH VARIN, de la Compagnie de Jésus, suivie de notices sur quelques uns de ses confrères: par le père *Achille Guidée*, de la même Compagnie. 12mo. pp. 412. Paris: Rusand. 1854.

Father Varin was one of the founders of the Society of the Sacred Heart, an association organized in Germany after the suppression, and also a prominent member in the Association of the Fathers of the Faith founded in Italy, both of which led to the restoration of the suppressed order, or rather to its re-organization. From his important part in these temporary congregations and also from that which he took in establishing the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, he is a remarkable personage in the ecclesiastical history of the century.

Of his *confrères*, whose lives are sketched in this volume, several are eminent in the annals of Catholicity in the United States; especially Kohlman, whose firmness led to a noble law in favor of the respect due the confessional secrecy; Fidelis Grivel and Peter de Clorivière.

5. ELEMENTS OF CHARACTER, by *Mary G. Chandler*. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1854.

Although there is much in this work to which we cannot subscribe, as we do not and cannot take the same stand-point, we must express the pleasure with which we have read it. It is impartial, solid and clear. It inculcates many home truths, some more fearlessly than we should expect, but lady-writers dare much, that their rivals may not undertake. Were all works of this description written in the same spirit, we should have little reason to complain of our literature.

6. EUCHARISTICA, by the *Most Rev. William Walsh*. New York: Dunigan. 1854.

This is a very valuable collection of treatises and devotions on the Blessed Sacrament, composed or translated by the learned and laborious Metropolitan of Halifax. It contains treatises by Bordonone and Bossuet, and deserves a place in every Catholic family.

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7. *THE LOST HEIRESS*, by Mrs. Southworth. Philadelphia: Peterson. 1854.

This is a very bombastically written tale, redolent of man-worship, inculcating and teaching that a man whose sole object in life is ambition, is the beau ideal of his race. But our chief purpose is with the Catholic characters who figure in it. Of these there are several, and though there is nothing against our religion directly, we still think it our duty to call the attention of the diocesan to Father Goodrich, for we think him sadly deficient in some of his duties. Yet unfortunately the cases of Catholic children growing up as Protestants from the neglect of their parents, is of too frequent occurrence for us to deny its being a fair matter for romance.

8. *THE MISSION BOOK*, a manual of instruction and prayers adapted to preserve the fruit of the mission, drawn chiefly from the Works of St. Alphonsus, published under the direction of the Fathers of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. New York: E. Dunigan & Brother. 1854.

We give the title in full, because, like the stamps of the mint, it shows the full value of the gold that is offered to the devout Catholic in this excellent compilation, and supercedes the necessity of any commendation from us. Great as has been the good effected by the zeal of the Fathers in their various missions, we question if they have ever done greater than in presenting this book to the American Catholic. Whoever will avail themselves of the pleasure as well as advantage its devout use confers, will feel in their hearts and minds the truth of this opinion, and this is the only way to judge of the merits of such a manual. Were any thing wanting to complete its title to our esteem, it would be amply supplied in the approbation of the Most Reverend Archbishop of New York. As usual with the Messrs. Dunigan, the typographical part is handsomely finished.

9. *SELECTA EX CLASSICIS LATINITATIS AUCTORIBUS ad usum Scholarum Societatis Jesu*. Tom. 1s et 2s. New York: E. Dunigan & Brother. 1854.

These two volumes seem to be the beginning of a Series of Latin Classics destined for the schools of the Jesuits. The modesty of the compiler would not allow him to give his name, but whoever he be, he is evidently well fitted for the office he has undertaken, and if the selections for the future volumes be made with the same judgment and taste, not only the schools of his order but all the Catholic schools throughout the United States will owe him a lasting debt of gratitude. Complaints have frequently been made in our hearing by professors of our Catholic Institutions, that it was very difficult to procure such classic works, as they could with safety put in the hands of their pupils. At one time it was hoped that these complaints would be removed by the Metropolitan press of our city. That edition, which was commenced under very competent hands, as far as it went, was worthy of all praise, but unavoidable circumstances soon brought its labors to a conclusion, before all the fruit could be reaped, which its first efforts led the lovers of ancient classic literature to promise themselves. We hope that the Messrs. Dunigan will have better success in their undertaking. The almost faultless manner in which they have brought forward these two unpretending little volumes certainly deserves it. We will look with something like impatience for the future volumes.

10. *MANUEL DE L'HISTOIRE DES DOGMES CHRETIENS*, par Henri Klee, Docteur en Théologie, &c., traduit de l'Allemand par l'Abbé P. H. Mabire, Professeur de Philosophie. A Paris chez Jacques Lecoffre et Cie Libraires. 1848. Or Historical Manual of Christian Dogmas, &c.

We cannot imagine why this book has not already been domesticated among us. Among the many treasures, with which the French Clergy have from time to time enriched the domain of Theology, there seems to us none that would have been more prized by our Clergy than this modest manual, certainly none that could have so well supplied the want, which many of them regretted, when first entering within the hidden mysteries of their studies. It belongs to that part of Theology, which goes under the name of *Positive*, and will perhaps be better understood by our readers, when we say that it is of the same class as the celebrated work of Balme on the comparative influences of

Catholicity and Protestantism. Although as yet comparatively unknown, it is not at all inferior in merit, by some might be deemed superior, as it covers a wider field and deals with questions which come more home to the present state of the religious world. Its aim cannot be better exhibited than in the author's own words: "The history of the dogma," says he in his introduction, tom. 1, p. 10, "is the scientific comprehension and exposition of the developments of dogmas in the Church. It has for first and principal object the formal dogmas (that is, dogmas precisely defined), then the material dogmas (not as yet precisely defined) and even dogmatic opinions. It embraces at the same time those doctrines, contrary to the dogma, which have from time to time been broached and which have determined the Church to define more explicitly the doctrine of the faith. Its end is to bring minds to comprehend well, under what circumstances and in what conditions such or such a point of doctrine has received its dogmatic and scientific form." From this brief extract it will be perceived that Dr. Klee's notion of development is nothing more than a narrative of what has really taken place in the eternal war between truth and error, and so is an effective argument in favor of the former against the latter. It is really theology "teaching by example," and as such, confirms and enlightens the faith of the less informed, whilst it does not omit those arguments, the subtlety of which only the learned divine can appreciate. The appalling array of references, at the foot of nearly each page, may give some idea of the immense labor which the author imposed on himself in order to certify his manual, and may serve even to those not acquainted with the originals, as a catalogue of the wise and learned, who have distinguished themselves in the annals of the Church by their zealous attachment to the Truth. To the student of theology however, we would suppose, the manual would be of the greatest utility, as it may serve as a store-house, whence he may derive that solid intellectual nourishment, that is so necessary for him, of whom the Holy Spirit has said: "The lips of the priest shall keep knowledge and they shall seek the law at his mouth: because he is the Angel of the Lord of Hosts." Malachy ii, 7. It will be a happy day for the Church in our country, when her levites will be enabled to draw abundantly from such sources. Of the fidelity of the translator we are not able to judge, our remarks apply to the work, as if written originally in French. This we take to be a merit and a reason besides the intrinsic merit, why we should thank the learned Professor, who employed his leisure in so useful an occupation.

11. ADVANCED COURSE OF COMPOSITION AND RHETORIC. A series of Practical Lessons on the Origin, History, and Peculiarities of the English Language, punctuation, taste, the pleasures of the Imagination, Figures, Style and its essential properties, Criticism and Prose and Poetical Composition. *Adapted to self-instruction, and the use of schools and colleges.* By G. P. Quackenbos, A. M. New York: Appletons.

This appears to us a capital school-book, with as few defects as can be well expected. The treatise on punctuation is particularly good, which is saying a good deal, as the ordinary ones are worse than useless. In the chapters on Poetry, the author omits to treat of the cæsural pause, without either understanding which, or being guided by natural ear to adopt it, his pupils may count their ten fingers off without ever writing a line of verse.

J. V. B.

12. A TENNESSEAN ABROAD, or Letters from Europe, Africa and Asia. By Randal W. MacGavock, A. M., L. L. B. A member of the Nashville bar. New York: Redfield.

"Of one sin," the author tells us, "he holds himself innocent — the *malice prepense* of writing a book." More's the pity; for books which are not written of *malice prepense* are rarely worth much, and if Mr. MacGavock had deliberately intended before he set out on his very extensive travels, to be guilty of publishing a description of them on his return, he might possibly have rendered the present volume more entertaining. He really shows here and there a good deal of descriptive talent, but a Tennessean, in these days of steam, ought to show more "go-aheaditiveness" in his narrative, and above all to know how to give us the striking details of what he sees and spare us the prosy ones. The most amusing, and it is a really interesting, part, is his description of

his visit to Ireland. We do not mean his remarks upon the poor-houses, which, he assures us "are conducted upon principles of a superior nature" (a favorite phrase of our tourist), or the odd inference he draws upon his reflections "on the utility" (query, inutility?) of the army in Ireland, against monarchical governments (for in all these things Mr. MacGavock is a true-hearted American, and hates royalty as vigorously as any one can desire): we might doubt the superiority of the poor-house principle altogether, and question the abstract justice and enlightened wisdom of his remarks on military establishments in general, which are useful, like locks and keys, wherever the wickedness of mankind renders them necessary, but nobody will question that there is a charm in such passages as the following:

"The most interesting testimonial of this character, to me, was a vault in the Catholic cemetery near the city, which contains the remains of the celebrated Daniel O'Connell, a man who occupied a high position in the affairs of state, and whose memory is now embalmed in the heart of every true Catholic. The vault is built of plain stone above the ground, with a heavy iron door, upon which is inscribed simply the name of O'Connell, which contains more than any epitaph that could be written. In fair weather this door is kept open, and the splendid coffin, covered with crimson velvet and gold plates, can be seen by all who are curious to gaze upon it. While we were standing at the door, several females came up with baskets filled with flowers, which they scattered over the vault with great care, uttering at the same time something inaudible, which we took to be prayers for the salvation of the departed."

Our author, like most Americans, has much to learn in regard to the things which he has seen abroad and described at home; but, however, for the simplicity and good feeling of the above passage, may he, when his turn comes, rest in peace!

J. V. H.

13. **SHAMROCK LEAVES**, gleaned in the fertile field of Irish Literature; being Tales and Stories of Ireland, selected from the most Popular Authors. Boston: Thos. Sweeney.

An abridgment of Tales by Irish Authors. Abridgments, without the consent of the authors, are a class of literature that we regard with some suspicion as to its fairness, and, generally speaking, with still greater as to its expediency. Some of the stories in "Shamrock Leaves" are known to us in their original form as exquisite productions, and we are assured by one who has read them only in this volume, that they possess even there the characteristics of wit and pathos. Others, again, we feel bound to say, hardly merit a place in the company they are found in.

J. V. H.

14. **SYNONYMS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT**; being the substance of a course of Lectures addressed to the theological students, King's College, London. By Richard Chenevix Trench, D. D., Prof. of Divinity, King's College, London; author of "The Study of Words," "Lessons in Proverbs," &c. New York: Redfield.

A learned and elegant Protestant philologico-theological work, or *worklet*, which would undoubtedly be found both curious and useful by scholars and others addicted to the study of the Greek Testament.

J. V. H.

15. **THE NEW YORK QUARTERLY** for October.

The writers of this Review have also something to learn in regard to many subjects as well of historical fact as of speculative philosophy, which in times past, as well as in our day, have tasked the mightiest intellects and exhausted the most learned research. The writer who in a literary and political review of this day asks, *en passant*, "Could the Roman Catholics, in the reign of her surnamed the Bloody, murder the innocent by thousands, and think it religion?" is lost to us in a past age of historical ignorance and imposture difficult to be conceived as existing since Cobbett, Strickland and Lingard wrote. And we see a good deal more "Americanism" both of style and sentiment, than of apt illustration, in his belief "that the clear history of Northern abolitionism would reveal a hydra fanaticism in the blessed garb of heavenly humanity, as clearly as damnable hypocrisy was ever found beneath a Jesuit's cowl in the name of meek religion."* Pray, adduce your instances—for they ought to be neither few nor hidden, to justify the

* Jesuits don't wear cowls

appositeness of the comparison. Or is the above mere frothy declamation, which means no more than a school-boy's theme, when it speaks by rote of the "pomp of courts," which he never saw, and of which he has no idea, ever so little distinct? In another article we are informed that the Eastern Patriarchs (of the schismatical Greek Church) "placed so little value on" the worship of the Saints "as a matter of principle, that they willing for (sic) the English to come into a union with them on the terms of their simply acknowledging an invocation of the Saints in their prayers, without using any direct addresses." The fact is that the Eastern schismatical Patriarchs on the occasion the writer alludes to, poured all manner of ridicule on the objection of the non-jurors, and utterly refused any union with them except on condition of their acknowledging as infallible the decision of the Seventh Council (Second of Nice) in which far worse than the Invocation of Saints, the worship of images, was decreed.* It is also most absurdly asserted that the Russians "pay no homage to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper." Certainly the writer must be very bold or very ignorant who ventures on such an assertion as that, in the face of the express teaching of the Russian catechism that the Sacrament itself of the Lord's Supper is nothing else than "the true Body of Jesus Christ, which He took of the Virgin and His true Blood which He shed on the cross." Are the Russians Socinians, that "they pay no homage" to the true Body and Blood of the Son of God? We point out these things, not in a spirit of fault-finding, but for the very reason that we admire the literary grace and fine scholarship which predominate in this Quarterly, and sympathise with its avowed aims.

J. V. H.

16. AGRICULTURE, ITS ESSENTIALS AND NON-ESSENTIALS. Including an examination of the properties of *Guano* and other manures. By *H. N. Fryatt*, of Belleville, N. J. New York: T. L. Magagnos.

This pamphlet is apparently intended to puff the Mexican guano, as preferable to every other, for reasons which it details. The theory on which it proceeds, however, we believe to be sound; although we are aware that the doctrine of Liebig in regard to the mineral constituents of soils, and the sole necessity of supplying them, is strongly combatted. We advise our farmer friends to read it.

J. V. H.

Maga and the New Editors.

OUR esteem for our late predecessor, and our high appreciation of his talents, will not permit us to disturb the present arrangement of the work. The department, therefore, of *Maga*, will be continued to the end of the present volume; at the commencement of the next, we will feel ourselves free to adopt such order as our judgment may dictate.

It was the vigil of All-Saints:—We had just returned from the scene of our labor, and were about to seek some relaxation from the toils of the day by perusing the scanty supply of journals on our table, when we were disturbed by a loud ring at the bell.

On going to the door, a note in a white envelope, was handed to us by a stranger, who, without comment bowed himself out of our presence. We opened it hurriedly, surmising to ourselves in the meantime its import and whence it emanated. On breaking the seal, we found that it was an invitation to meet a party of our friends, that evening, without naming any particular hour, but with a request that it might be as early as we could make it convenient. Knowing the literary character of the place of meeting designated in the note, and reflecting that it was Holy-Eve night, we anticipated a rare treat on the occasion. After a hasty cup of tea, we repaired to meet our friends at the appointed place. There we found Father Carroll, our friend Mr. Oliver, and several other gentlemen, not altogether unknown to literary fame. Having passed our compliments to the company, we drew a chair to the table, remarking as we took our seat, that we felt ourselves highly honored in being invited to the meeting of so distinguished a

* *Vide Collier in loco.*

circle; that on a sudden we had found ourselves thrown in with poets, philosophers and theologians.

"Poets, indeed! There's one more added to our circle then, Mr. Worthington;" replied Father Carroll.

"Don't speak of philosophy, Mr. Worthington," said Mr. Oliver. "It is too weighty a subject for the occasion; and as for theology, the theme is too serious for the evening; we have been thinking of the affairs of our soul all this blessed day, and have been fasting since morning; but we think we might be permitted now to relax a little, and pour out, if you please, a libation to the muse of song. I don't think that religion or morals would suffer by it. What think you, Father Carroll?"

The Rev. gentleman smiled, and was about to reply, when the conversation was taken by our worthy host, who said: "Mr. Oliver, be not alarmed; we will not overwhelm you with poetry, philosophy or theology on this occasion. This is a social meeting of friends; we will not call it a literary one, though it is convened for a literary purpose. Now, gentlemen, without any further ceremony, we must make known to you the object for which we invited you here this evening. The editorial chair of the Metropolitan is vacant. You have seen, no doubt, in the last number the valedictory of the late Editor, and after much deliberation, we have, in our own mind, selected you, Father Carroll, Mr. Oliver and Mr. Worthington to fill the vacant post, and on that account have invited you here to-night to solicit your acquiescence in the choice?"

At this announcement we stared at each other with astonishment, and each began to plead his inability; his time, his profession, and numerous etceteras, would intervene to prevent him from discharging the duties, even if his talents were adequate to the task.

But we pleaded in vain: the decision was final, and after hours of useless argument against it, we were compelled to yield to the superior judgment of others, and to assume the perplexing duties attached to the vacated chair. But where would we find the editorial sanctum? We were informed that it had been left somewhere far away in the mountains. And where was *Maga*, the fair Gerius under whose inspiration our predecessor had so ably sustained the editorial columns? She, too, had sought a retreat far from the noise and turmoil of the city, and had taken refuge in the solitude of the mountains.

After a short consultation, now that we had consented to take upon our unworthy shoulders the honors and the responsibilities of the editorial office, we conceived it to be our first duty to repair without delay to Lavansville, and to enter upon our editorial labors and take possession of the chair in the enchanting spot where our predecessor had left it; to visit *Maga's* leafy sanctum, to place ourselves under her guidance, to invoke her inspiration and her aid. With these resolves we took leave of our friends, and availing ourselves of the most expeditious route, we departed for Lavansville, and after a rapid, but uncomfortable ride, we arrived safely in that romantic village, suspended as it were, from the rugged peaks of the mountain. Without delay we repaired to the Doctor's late quarters, and deeming ourselves privileged characters, and resting upon the mighty honors which had been so lately conferred upon us, we walked boldly into the late Editor's sanctum. Finding no one there, we considered ourselves at home, and the foremost of our party unceremoniously seated himself in the editorial chair, and we all commenced to peruse the contributions already handed in for the next number, with as little ceremony as if we were reading the latest morning issue.

We were busily engaged in what we conceived to be our duty, when we heard the foot-steps of persons enter the hall, and with much merriment and loud laughter, pass into a room on the western end of the building. These were O'Moore and Kavanagh, who with Father Romaine, had been left by the Doctor in charge of the editorial sanctum. They had taken a walk together, as was usual after dinner, and Father Romaine, who had separated from the other two, had not yet returned. Dr. Calvert, who was one of the especial friends of the late Editor, had left the mountain on business of importance before our arrival. Kavanagh took his pipe and seated himself before a sparkling fire that burned upon the hearth, while O'Moore walked up and down the room with a volume of poems in his hand, and his arms folded upon his breast.

"Kavanagh, what a delightful ramble we have had this afternoon! Oh! the beauty of the mountain scenery — those towering cliffs — the deep ravines — the impetuous and gushing streams — that cool, refreshing, mountain air! How they invigorate the mind and expand the intellect! And how poetical with all! Kavanagh, my head is teeming with poetry: I could write a whole volume just now. No wonder that Byron was a poet after his visit to Parnassus. To contemplate nature in her purity, to scan her works, to read the revolutions of the seasons as they pass; how sublime! Behold yonder lofty oak! (*looking out of the window and apparently speaking to himself*). But yesterday it stood majestically the monarch of the forest, robed in a mantle of green! to-day its frost-stricken foliage is scattered by the autumnal blast. How sublime! How salutary the lesson it teaches!

"You're becoming inspired," ejaculated Kavanagh.

"Are ye done with the pipe, Kavanagh?" said O'Moore, turning round quickly, and advancing towards his friend! "Inspired! mad, if you please — never have I experienced such a rage for the sublime, since I left my mother's neat cottage on the banks of the Liffy, as I have experienced this afternoon. But here, Kavanagh, (*opening the book*) here's the very piece that suits the season. Listen to me, while I read a bit of it for ye. It's sublime:

"The autumn leaves! the autumn leaves!
They fall and die in the mournful blast,
And a strange, wild thought my heart conceives,
In their ghost-like echoes of the past.
'Twas thus they fell in years gone by,
And thus they'll fall as time rolls on,
And ever thus man's spirit grieves,
O'er withered hopes like autumn leaves."

As the reading progressed Kavanagh gave utterance to his admiration by expressions such as the following: "That's beautiful!" "Truly sublime!" "Sentimental, really!" "Hear, hear;" &c.

O'Moore continued:

"The cold wind sweeps the barren fields
And whistles through the withered grass
The humid earth no fragrance yields,
And days grow chillier as they pass.
Thus human hearts grow chill with years,
Thus human joys are dimmed in tears,
And man distrusts what long deceives,
And reads his fate in autumn leaves."

"How beautiful! how sublime?" "True for you, Kavanagh, but listen to this:

"The autumn leaves are sear and dead!
The autumn fields are bare and chill;
Their fragrance gone, their verdure fled;
But beauty hangs about them still.
Thus may we —"

"Hear, hear." "Are you done with the pipe, Kavanagh?"

"O, bad luck to you, 'Moore; you have spoiled the stanza. I was only expressing in the old country fashion, that I understood and appreciated the beauty and merits of the piece. Read it over again."

"Not I. I never like to mend a broken stick. Here's the last of it:

"The autumn leaves! the autumn leaves!
They wither, die and pass away.
And mournfully my fancy weaves,
But pen cannot transcribe the lay.
Soon, soon, alike the winter cloud
Will spread for them and us the shroud,
And peace to him whose heart receives
The lesson taught by falling leaves."

"Say, Kavanagh, if that is 'nt the very thing that suits the season."

"True for you, O'Moore; I admire your taste. The piece contains both poetry and sentiment; and it chimes with all, very much like "those Evening Bells" of your immortal namesake. I'm sorry Father Romayne is 'nt here to pass upon it his superior judgment."

"What do you think the Doctor will —"

"Hold, hold, O'Moore! I think I hear voices in the Editor's sanctum."

"It's dreaming you are, man! don't interrupt me."

"Surely the Doctor has not yet returned," continued Kavanagh. "But it may be Father Romayne."

"Not he," replied O'Moore. He'll finish his contribution, I'll warrant, before he returns. The spot where we left him, you know, is so romantic, so picturesque, so poetical. Just think of it. The vines encircling the branches of the oak form a canopy above him: the moss-covered rock on which he was seated projects far over the deep ravine, while the waters beneath, bounding from rock to rock, dash onward in a foamy current to the distant plain. The man, that could not write poetry in such a spot, will never go mad under the inspiration of the Muse. Father Romayne is just the man for the place. He'll dash off verses with lightning rapidity, and I'll venture, he'll have with him sufficient to fill half a volume. What a rare treat we will have for the December number. How our kind-hearted editor, the Doctor, will smile on his return to Lavansville."

"But, O'Moore, I really think there are persons in the sanctum. Go to the Eastern window and see; I'll have the pipe filled for you by your return."

O'Moore went accordingly and looked in the window and returning quickly with indignation gleaming from his countenance, he exclaimed:

"Kavanagh, by the powers, there are three fellows in the Editor's sanctum! one of them has seated his undignified person in the sacred chair; and they are engaged as stately as senators, in reading the contributions which cost us so much labor during the last fortnight. Where's my black thorn? By the witches of Kilkenny I'll rid the house of them, or I'm not in the mountains of Lavansville."

Upon this he seized his fearful weapon, and made for the door of the sanctum, followed by Kavanagh, who had armed himself with a clump of hickory which lay by the fire side. O'Moore entered abruptly, with the exclamation as he crossed the doorway:

"Gentlemen, what brought ye here? Who are ye, that ye dare enter the threshold of this sacred place? Take yourselves out of it in less time than I would be saying a *Pater* and *Ave*, or by the virtue of my black thorn, I'll leave each of ye sprawling in the four corners of the room;" at the same time whirling the stick over his head, and assuming an attitude sufficiently menacing to intimidate a troop of Hessians. While O'Moore was yet speaking, Kavanagh had sprung forward, and snatched from our hands the papers we had been reading, uttering at the same time the most fearful threats, and invoking upon us the heaviest denunciations for having placed our profane fingers upon them. In fright and consternation at the sudden appearance of the guardians of the sanctum, we impulsively shrunk back from the table, each revolving in his mind, how he might most effectually avoid the fearful cudgel of O'Moore. After a moment's pause, Father Carroll, regaining his self-possession, endeavored to explain, and commenced by saying:

"Gentlemen, we have come —"

"Not a word;" vociferated O'Moore.

"But we —"

"I say, let me not hear a syllable from your lips, but leave these precincts."

"Pardon us, gentlemen; permit us to explain. We —"

"I tell ye, we'll hear no explanation here. Do ye know where ye are? This is the Editor's sanctum; and that is his chair which ye have been defiling with the weight of your undignified person. I want to see ye across that threshold in less time than I'm

saying it, or by the powers I'll make mince meat of every one of ye ;" advancing at the same time as if about to put his threat in execution.

Kavanagh stepped forward quickly, and seized O'Moore by the arm, saying : Be easy, O'Moore. Be careful whom you are going to strike ; if I mistake not, one of these gentlemen is a clergyman, I know it from the color of his coat. Be calm, man ; your arm would wither on your shoulder if you'd strike a priest."

"Don't say priest, Kavanagh ; surely not one of these fellows is even a Christian. Think of it ; to intrude themselves here unasked, uninvited, and I won't be saying a word of lie, if I add, unwelcomed ; to steal into the sanctum of a daisint Editor in his absence ; to ransack his drawers and read his papers, is unsufferable. It were bad enough if the Doctor, to speak poetry, were numbered among those who were ; but to be guilty of these naughty acts in the mere temporary absence of the legally appointed lord of this sanctum, I repeat, is unsufferable ; and I tell you, Kavanagh, I will not tolerate it in any man, though he should even wear the coat of a priest."

At this moment Father Romayne entered with his breviary under his arm and a roll of paper in his hand, and recognizing Father Carroll as an old and familiar acquaintance, he advanced with a smile upon his countenance, and taking him by the hand, welcomed him to the mountains. The latter, in turn, reciprocated the kind expressions of his friend, and after a mutual greeting, introduced him to the companions of his visit. In the mean time, O'Moore and Kavanagh gazed on in mute astonishment. O'Moore's anger immediately calmed in the presence of Father Romayne, and when he learned that his menaces and threats had been directed in part against the sacred character of a clergyman, a keen remorse seized upon his generous heart, and he felt almost ready to sink to the floor on which he stood. But the amazement of all was ten-fold, when Father Carroll revealed the object of our visit to Lavansville, which he did in the following words, addressing himself to Father R., but without making any allusion to what had just taken place.

"Father Romayne, our time is limited, therefore you will pardon our want of ceremony in making known to you and your friends the object of our visit. You have not, perhaps, been fully apprised before the present moment, that the Doctor, who for the last ten months, presided over the editorial department of the Metropolitan, with so much ability, has retired from that charge. By his retirement, the chair became vacant, and the editorial duties, for the time being, have devolved upon my two companions and myself. We have come, therefore, to enter upon these duties, and to assume the responsibilities attached to the editorial chair in the spot where our excellent predecessor left it ; we will enjoy, moreover, for a few brief moments, the invigorating influence of the mountain air. Other motives, also, have impelled us hither. When last we heard of *Maga*, she was enthroned in the mountains, revelling in all the delights, and feasting on all the pleasures of nature. As dutiful disciples, and aware of our own inability, we have hastened to these abodes to pay our homage to that fair Genius, to place ourselves under her patronage, to propitiate her favor, and to invoke her aid and assistance in the discharge of the multiplied and perplexing duties which have devolved upon us."

During the delivery of this short address, not a breath was heard, and at its conclusion, Father Romayne, with that affability of manner and nobleness of soul for which he is so peculiarly distinguished, welcomed us to our new calling. He gave us the warmest assurance of his personal esteem, and proffered the aid of his counsel and his pen, whenever we might think proper to call on either. He expressed his deep regret at the retirement of his friend. He had known him long and intimately, and for him he entertained profound esteem. His varied talents were too well known to require from him any useless encomiums. Under the influence of his pen, the Metropolitan had attained a high literary pre-eminence ; under the guidance of his successors, he felt assured that the work would lose nothing of its merited reputation, (*here, you see, that flattered us a little,*) and that it would expand in the sphere of usefulness, and increase in interest as it advanced in years.

Here O'Moore and Kavanagh apologized to us in the most respectful terms for the rudeness they had shown us. They begged that we would attribute it to their ignorance of our character, and to the fidelity with which they had served the late editor, and as they had been faithful to the latter, they hoped that they might be permitted to transfer that fidelity, together with whatever talents they might possess, to his successors.

Father Carroll extended his hand to each in turn, and assured them of our kind feelings in the following brief reply: "Gentlemen, the past is forgotten; no longer shall it dwell in our memories; in future, we shall be happy to number you among our friends." The ceremony of introduction, explanation, and apology having been concluded, we entered into a free and unrestrained conversation, as though it had been the meeting of old and familiar friends. We related to Father Romayne how we had been so fearfully threatened by his friend O'Moore for our intrusion, as he supposed, into the sanctum. The good gentleman enjoyed the joke admirably, and almost shook the walls of the room in rounds of laughter, in which O'Moore himself joined in the best possible humor.

The day was fast drawing to a close, and we were impatient to pay our contemplated visit to *Maga*. No sooner had we intimated our desire, than our friends cheerfully volunteered to accompany us, O'Moore proposing to lead the way. "Come," said he, "we'll disappoint these gaping villagers; we'll go out by the back door, and take the short cut across the orchard."

"Just as you like it," replied Father Romayne; "you're always disappointing somebody."

"Hold for a moment," said O'Moore, suddenly turning. "Bring the basket, Kavanagh; it contains some rare and queer volumes, which are deserving of a passing comment; it contains some weeklies too, on whose impertinent editors we have to bestow a little of our attention."

"Do not give yourself any unnecessary trouble, Mr. O'Moore," replied Father Carroll. "The evening is drawing to a close, and time will not permit us, on this occasion at least, to enter into any criticism or strictures on the labors of others."

"Indeed! and I'm sorry for that," replied O'Moore. "For we were not done with 'The Spirit Rapper' by one half. We only discussed in our last the ability of the author to write a work of fiction, and we reserved for the present, to pass our judgment upon the nature and tendency of the work. I'm sorely disappointed! But see, Father Carroll, (*holding up a paper*), how these fellows, who happen to wear an editorial wig, abuse us by turns; and will you let them, too, pass with impunity? Merciful Providence! if you do, there'll be no standing them ere long."

"No matter, Mr. O'Moore, no matter!" replied Father Carroll. "It shall be our endeavor, on all occasions, at all times, both in language and in sentiment, to treat our cotemporaries with the utmost decorum, and if they depart from the rule we have laid down for ourselves, be assured we will not follow them."

Here the dialogue ended, and emerging from the sanctum, we passed out the back door and moved in a noisy group on our way to the enchanting retreat of *Maga*. We pursued the same road which had been taken by our friends in their late visit; the same scenes, which were so beautifully and poetically described in the Doctor's last, presented themselves to our party, save and except those thievish crows, those squirrels, and pigeons, whose flight and consternation is said to have been so great on that occasion; they have not yet returned; and indeed so frightened were they at the approach of the late pilgrims to *Maga's* leafy sanctum, that it is not likely they will ever return to pilfer or disturb the quiet neighborhood of Lavansville.

After a pleasant walk of half an hour, we reached the grove where *Maga* sat enthroned amid so many beauties of nature. Her harp rested by her side, and her cross was still resplendent upon her breast; her head was wreathed with a garland of autumnal flowers; in one hand she wielded a pen, in the other she held a scroll of parchment, on which was inscribed: *Maga devota literis, religioni, patriæ, et ecclesiæ*. She arose at our approach, and saluted us with a benignant smile. We bowed our respects, and were then introduced to her in turn by Father Romayne as the new editors of the

Metropolitan; our friend stating at the same time, that we had made a pilgrimage to her sanctum to invoke her aid and seek her counsel. At the conclusion of Father Romayne's remarks, *Maga* waved her hand as a token for us to be seated, and then addressed us in the following words:

"My friends! I hail with pleasure your visit to these abodes. You have sought my sanctum to invoke my aid in the discharge of the responsible duties upon which you are about to enter. My counsels are few, but freely given. Behold this parchment, (*elevating it in her hand*), and read the lessons which it was intended to impart.

"*To Literature.*—Let the columns over which you are about to preside be devoted to literature; to literature, wide in its range, but pure and elevated in its character; to literature mingled with religion; to literature that breathes the spirit and wears the impress of Catholicity.

"*To Religion.*—Sublime object! Let it never be forgotten that the Metropolitan has been dedicated upon the altar of religion. To expound the dogmas of our holy faith, to inculcate those exalted lessons of virtue, those sublime principles of morality which are no where to be found beyond the portals of Catholicity, is, therefore, your first and most important duty. Ever bear in mind that to promote science and literature upon a pure, Catholic basis, to promote the interest of religion, to impart those lessons which may tend to the happiness and prosperity of the commonwealth, to defend the doctrines and institutions of the Catholic Church against the assaults of her enemies, were the ennobling objects contemplated by the publishers of the Metropolitan. To promote these objects is your duty; to deviate from them, to render the columns over which you preside a vehicle to carry out private views, or to gratify personal feelings, is to prove recreant to the position you have assumed.

"But in pursuing the object of your mission, let it be beneath the light of the torch that burns upon the Catholic altar; let your sanctum be illumined by the flame of Christian charity. Let no unkind feeling enter there. Let your bearing towards your contemporaries be regulated by those rules of Christian etiquette, which should ever reign in the hearts and govern the actions especially of Catholic editors, who have, or should have, in view, one common end, the interest of religion, the diffusion of knowledge, the cultivation of sound principles of morality. Finally, gentlemen, be yourselves the first to practice the lessons you inculcate.

"Go, my friends; take *Maga's* counsels for your future government: enter upon your duties, and heaven will smile upon your labor."

At the conclusion of these remarks, we arose, and having assured *Maga* that the words which had fallen from her lips should be our guide in the discharge of our editorial duties, we bowed our respects, and hastily departed with our friends to the village; and having taken a slight repast, we took leave of Father Romayne and his two companions, and bade adieu to the Mountains of Lavanaville.

As we moved rapidly on our homeward journey, a crowd of reflections flitted through our imagination. Another month had fled by, and had passed the confines of eternity. It had gone, leaving upon it the impress of many important events, and leaving behind it the remembrance of many scenes of joy and sadness. The nations of Europe were convulsed: her sons had met in deadly strife; the plains of Alma had been gorged with human blood, and had writhed beneath the weight of human victims. But while the scourge of heaven had been permitted to fall upon the nations of the old world, a kind and munificent Providence had continued to smile propitiously upon our own. He had filled our granaries with an abundant harvest; he had preserved us in unity at home and in peace in our relations abroad: he had breathed upon the land and had dissipated the pestilence which had, to a partial extent, prevailed in our midst. But here we could not refrain from asking ourselves: How have we requited these favors and reciprocated these blessings? Alas! the response will be found in the outrage at Ellsworth, in the general effort made by the fanatics of the country to unsheath the sword of persecution against our Catholic fellow citizens; in that mania to destroy the Church of God in our own devoted country, by persecuting her followers, outraging her min-

isters, and by heaping insult and obloquy of the blackest die upon the fairest institutions of Catholicity. Ungrateful nation! At this very moment, while we regard it as an act of patriotism and loyal devotion to our country to insult the name of Pope Pius IX, that venerable Pontiff, like another Moses, stands with his arms uplifted to heaven between a guilty people and the outraged justice of an offended Deity. At this [very moment, while the prince of darkness is exerting his wildest machinations against the Church of God, especially in our own shores, the Holy Father stands with his hands raised, imploring pardon for sinful man, and invoking the blessing of heaven upon the nations of the earth. Yes, at this moment, under the mandate of Pius IX, prayers of propitiation are being wafted to heaven from ten thousand altars, and from the bosom of every Catholic family on the face of the earth;—prayers, not for themselves alone, but equally for those who have strayed from the fold of Christ. How beautiful! how sublime is Catholic charity!

While making these reflections, we arrived at our journey's end. The sun had settled tranquilly in the west, and his departing rays, which lingered long upon the turrets of our city, had disappeared. The evening was serene; a keen autumnal breeze had dissipated every cloud; a few twinkling stars had already appeared, and the full moon, growing more brilliant as twilight receded, announced to weary mortal the close of another day.

Record of Events.

From October 15, to November 15, 1854.

I.—FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ITALY.—The cholera, which had prevailed in Rome, was, at the latest accounts, rapidly abating. Among the many instances of the heroic courage displayed by the Roman Clergy during the rage of the epidemic, none produced so profound a sensation, upon all minds, as that of the noble conduct of the Sovereign Pontiff himself. His visits to the cholera hospitals, imparting his benediction to the dying, and words of consolation to the sick and afflicted, his solicitude for the children of those, who have fallen victims to the pestilence, has produced universal admiration.

Nearly three hundred of the soldiers of the French garrison had fallen victims to the epidemic.

His Eminence, Cardinal Patrizi has been named Protector of the order of Friars Preachers.

Negotiations have been carried on for some time between the Cabinet of St. Petersburg and the Holy See, to obtain an amelioration of the grievances of the Catholics of Russia, and not in reference to the Holy Places of Jerusalem, as has been erroneously stated by some of the journals.

The crops are said to be abundant throughout the country.

The cholera still rages at Turin, five hundred persons having died since the first of September. It is stated that Mazzini is numbered among the victims.

FRANCE.—The Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin, the Bishop of Coyne, the Rev. T. Farrelly, D. D., and the Rev. H. Deneby, D. D., passed through France the 15th October, on their way to Rome. The Archbishop of Tuam, and the Rev. T. MacHale, D. D., Professor of the Irish College, left Lyons at a later period for the same destination.

While the nation was intoxicated with joy at the triumph of the allied forces on the plains of Alma, the melancholy intelligence reached France, that the hero of that bloody field had ceased to breathe; that Marshal St. Arnaud was no more. The vessel which brought his bulletins, was followed by another that brought his inanimate corpse. At Verna he was attacked with a malignant fever, and on two subsequent occasions with the cholera. From these he had partially recovered. Though ill, he commanded at the battle of Alma, saying that a Marshal of France ought to know how to die on horseback. He met death with the resignation of a Christian, and breathed his last amid those consolations which the Catholic Church alone throws around the dying couch. His obsequies were celebrated with great pomp at Paris on the 16th of October, and his remains were consigned to their final resting place in the vaults of the Church of the Invalids.

It is currently rumored that the Courts of France and England have under consideration the practicability of re-establishing the Kingdom of Poland as an independent power. Such a stroke of policy is believed to be a favorite design of the French Emperor. A pamphlet lately published in Paris argues in favor of the measure with much ability.

Barbes, the Red Republican, has refused the act of clemency offered him by the Emperor, and speaks of retiring, a voluntary exile, into England.

The refusal of the French Government to permit Mr. Soule, our Minister to Spain, to pass through the French Empire, has caused considerable excitement on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Soule, it seems, had been absent from his post, attending a conference of the American Ministers, now in Europe, held at Brussels, the object of which has not yet transpired; after which he had passed over to England. Having spent a few days in London, he set out for Madrid, *via* France. When he arrived at Calais he was not permitted to proceed any further through the French territory, and was obliged to leave the same evening for London. No satisfactory explanation has yet been given as to the cause of this conduct on the part of the Imperial government.

SPAIN.—Accounts from Spain show that the country, though still unsettled, is recovering from her late convulsions. The government is beginning to assume a little more firmness; the ministry had abandoned the project of drawing up a constitution to be submitted to the Cortez. A royal decree had ordered the payment of the November dividends. Our Minister, Mr. Soule, had left Madrid on a visit to London, where he was at the last accounts from Europe.

ENGLAND.—The most interesting incidents in this country, at present, are the troubles that agitate the Established Church. A long correspondence appeared lately in the *Times* between the Archbishop of Canterbury and Archdeacon Denison. The Archbishop charges Denison with holding and maintaining the doctrine of the Catholic Church on the subject of the Eucharist, and notifies the Archdeacon that it is his intention, at the expiration of fourteen days, to nominate a committee of five clergymen of his diocese to enquire into the justice of the charge. Against this Denison enters a protest, on the ground that the case is *res judicata*, having been already examined and judgment given upon it by the late Bishop of Bath and Wells.

We are pleased to announce the secession of Archdeacon Wilberforce from the Church of England, a step which had been anticipated for some time past. Wilberforce was the author of a work on the Eucharist, and for some of the doctrines therein promulgated, the Archbishop of his diocese commenced proceedings against him, but these being abandoned, the archdeacon resigned his preferments and offices in the Church of England and has since given his reasons, and in doing so declares himself a believer of Catholic doctrine, and, therefore, has become a member of that faith. He is the brother of the present Bishop of Oxford, and has a brother who also gave up some rich church preferments to embrace the Catholic faith. As a symptom of the extent to which the tenets of Puseyism are obtaining in the Church, the Rev. Dr. Walter, rector of St. Co-

lums, who has been picked out as the probable first bishop of the new See of Cornwall, actually refused to read the prayer of thanksgiving recently delivered in all the churches, on the ground that he denied the Queen's supremacy in ecclesiastical matters.

The disciples of Dr. Pusey undertook a demonstration lately at St. Paul's church, Knight's Bridge, of a very singular character. A great majority of the parishioners, it seems, having expressed emphatic disapprobation of all the practices lately introduced at the above church, the Bishop of London advised the Rev. B. Liddell, the incumbent, to discontinue, among other practices, that of intoning or chaunting the prayers, and to read them instead. Mr. Liddell determined to follow this advice, and gave notice, some three months since, that such was his intention. On the following day two of the curates, Messrs. Nugee and Parry, resigned. The expressive scene that followed, we give in the words of the London Globe of October the 16th:

"From this period St. Paul's has been beset by a number of persons, principally youths, and girls from the purlieus of St. Barnabas, and members of that and other Tractarian congregations, who under the leadership of a youth named Fitzroy, (said to be a member of the Collegiate School of Durham), have persisted in chaunting or intoning the Litany in defiance of the expressed wish of the incumbent, the orders and advice of the bishop, and the rubrics and practice of the Church of England. The mode of action is as follows: They assemble before the church doors are open and rush into the church, occupying the most prominent places of the free seats, which, from their proximity to the choir, afford them the best chances of most effectually impeding the latter in the discharge of their duty. When the curate commences reading the Litany which he does in a monotone and the choir attempts to respond, these self-styled choralists burst in by chaunting, and thus overwhelm the choir, causing confusion, dismay and disorder. To prevent this, Mr. Liddell ordered the choir, when so interrupted, to discontinue the responses, and thus the perpetrators of these discreditable acts have had it all their own way."

The contrast between the French and English soldiers wounded at the battle of Alma, the care bestowed on the former by the Sisters of Charity, the neglect of the latter, who were left, to a great extent, to fester in their wounds, without a sufficient number of attendants to give them a cup of water to cool their parched lips, has naturally attracted the attention of the English government. She has felt the necessity of having female nurses to attend the sick and wounded of her army in the East, and has, therefore, attempted to create a substitute for the heroic and self-sacrificing charity of the daughters of St. Vincent. The government has accordingly sent to the East a corps of female nurses under the conduct of a *Miss Nightingale*.

In commenting on this subject, the Dublin Telegraph of Oct. 21st, holds the following language:

"Whilst the Catholic Government of Catholic France placed its ships of war and navy under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin, and gave the place of honor in all its vessels to those holy maids and matrons who, as 'Sisters of Charity,' endeavor to imitate the virtues of the Ever-Blessed Virgin, the law-makers in England were contriving new Penal Laws, how they might outrage their feelings, insult them in their own houses, and even rob of their property the Sisters of Charity, and other nuns and religious ladies in Great Britain and Ireland.

"A time of calamity has come. The evils of war have fallen upon France and England; and France is repaid by '*the Sisters of Charity*' it has honored; for now, in the midst of danger, of death, and of pestilence, those heroic and truly sanctified women are attending to the French soldiers — binding up their wounds, and pouring wine and oil upon their bruised spirit — the wine of spiritual consolation — the oil of religious instruction. And so is France repaid a hundred-fold; for religious truth has revived in the hearts of the nation, and a ruler has at length been found amongst the French who seeks not to abuse, but to exalt, the Church, founded by Christ himself."

And in reply to a remark of the *Times*, that if they have not "*Sisters of Charity*," the wealth of Great Britain can purchase what she cannot get for charity or love, the same journal justly remarks:

"It is quite true you may purchase by the score *Mrs. Gampses*, 'at a small pension for life,' but 'the wealth of Great Britain' cannot purchase a *Sister of Charity*. 'The Sister of Charity' is as far above your comprehension as your price, when you fancy that

'hospital nurses' will perform in the same spirit, and in the same manner, and with the same efficiency and fearlessness, the same duties that are undertaken from no other motive than a love for God and devotion to the BLESSED VIRGIN. In the pure heart, the hope of heaven is a stronger impulse than even the hope of gain in the hearts of the base; and Englishman! be sure of it, you may buy *service*, but you cannot buy *love*. All that is gross, sordid and griping, is at the command of wealthy protestant England; but if you wish for something better, nobler, and more worthy, you must cross the channel and seek for it in the Catholic countries of Europe. The pensioned 'hospital nurse' is the emblem of the highest stretch of Protestant charity. The embodiment of disinterested and devoted love of one's neighbor in Catholic countries is, 'the Sister of Charity;' and to such 'the wealth of Great Britain' is so much dross."

IRELAND.—The collections made in the various parishes in aid of the new Catholic University of Ireland, show the deep interest felt by both the clergy and the people in that noble institution. It is estimated that the amount collected for the year will not fall short of £15,000; an extraordinary sum when we reflect that it is the free offering of a poor, persecuted and plundered people.

The following is a list of the Professors and Lecturers, who have been recently appointed: Professor of Dogmatic Theology: Rev. Father O'Reilly, D. D., S. J. Professor of Sacred Scripture: Very Rev. P. Leahy, D. D. Professor of Archæology and Irish History: Eugene Curry, Esq., M. R. I. A., &c., &c. Professor of Civil Engineering: Terence Flanagan, Esq., M. I. C. E. Professor of Classical Literature: Robert Ornsby, Esq., M. A., Oxon. Professor of Mathematics: Edward Butler, Esq., M. A., Dublin. Lecturers on Political Economy: —. Lecturer on Poetry: D. F. McCarthy, Esq. Lecturer on the Philosophy of History: T. W. Allies, Esq., M. A., Oxon. Lecturer on Geography: J. B. Robertson, Esq. Lecturer on Ancient History: James Stewart, Esq., M. A., Cant. Lecturer on Logic: D. B. Dunne, Esq., D. D., D. Ph. Lecturer on English Literature: E. Healy Thompson, Esq., M. A., Cant. Lecturer on French Literature: M. Pierre le Page Renouf. Lecturer on Italian and Spanish Literature: Signor Marani.

Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance, arrived at Liverpool on the 18th of last month, and, after a short delay, sailed for Madeira, where he intends to spend the winter. The Rev. gentleman, though much broken down by a long and painful disease, still retains the cheerful spirits for which he has always been remarkable.

The Rev. Dr. Cahill had been attacked with illness, but not of a serious nature; he had in consequence, been obliged to defer his lectures before the Mechanics Institute, Dublin.

The Most Rev. Dr. Slattery, Archbishop of Cashel and Emly, consecrated a new Catholic church in the County of Limerick. — The nuns of the order of the Presentation have taken up their residence at the convent of Portarlinton. They are about to establish there a Catholic female infant school. — The Redemptorist Fathers were holding their second mission in the city of Cork. It was opened in the South Parish Chapel by a solemn High Mass, and an impressive sermon by the Rev. Mr. Petcherine. — The Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, the venerated Bishop of Limerick, presided at a conference of the clergy from all parts of his diocese at St. Michael's church, preparatory to proclaiming the Jubilee. — Matthew Young, Esq., of the Inland Department, General Post Office, Dublin, renounced the errors of Protestantism, and was received into the bosom of the Catholic Church, by the Rev. Mr. Flynn, at Dunmore. — Two additional Catholic chaplains, the Rev. Thomas Malony and the Rev. Mr. Devyer, have been appointed by the government to attend the army in the East, and are on their way to the scene of their labors. — John Martin, the Irish Patriot, had reached Paris on his return from exile; Smith O'Brien was in Italy, but expected soon to join his friend in Paris; Duffy was on his way from the continent, completely restored to health. — The Orange outrage at Newtownlimavady has abated but little. A scene that occurred in the Court room during the investigation of the causes of the recent outrage, gave evidence of the impious and unchristian spirit which actuates the Orange faction of that place. A witness, in giving his evidence, stated that on the occasion of the assault on the Catholics,

he heard a woman cry: "Lay on them, and tear the papish blood from their bodies." As these words were uttered, the Orange rabble in the Court gave vent to their approbation in loud and deafening cheers, with as much apparent delight as if they were putting the savage act into execution. — The grain crops have been generally secured without much damage; the potato crop is also better than was anticipated, the injury by the disease being comparatively light.

THE CRIMEA. — Since the battle of Alma the allied forces have been pushing forward their operations with energy, and we may reasonably anticipate the fall of Sebastopol at no distant period. The Russians had obstructed the entrance of the harbor by sinking five battle ships and two frigates, and thus prevented the possibility of an attack by sea. The allies were thus compelled to change their plan of operation, and to effect the reduction of the place by a formal land siege. Preparations for the siege were carried on with the utmost expedition, and by the 17th of October the bombardment commenced with two hundred pieces of heavy artillery. While these formidable batteries poured destruction into the town, the allied fleets attacked the forts at the entrance of the harbor, the English those at the left, and the French those at the right. The English blew up the outer fortification on the left, while the French silenced the Quarantine battery, and continued its attack against Fort Alexander. Reinforcements to the number of 4,000 men were to be sent from England to the scene of war.

RUSSIA. — It is rumored that propositions have been made to bring about a termination of the bloody contest raging on the soil of Russia. The King of Prussia has despatched a note by Baron Von Manteuffel to the Emperor of Russia, earnestly pressing him to accept the *four points*. The precise tenor of this document is not known. — The Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas, the youngest sons of the Emperor, arrived at Odessa on the 16th of October. They are on their way to the head-quarters of Prince Gortschakoff's, in order to enter into active service in the army. — The Russian accounts state that the batteries of Sebastopol are defended by 722 guns.

CHINA. — The rebellion still progresses. Canton is yet held by the Imperialists, but constant fighting is kept up with varied success. The provinces are infested by desperate bands of robbers, and all internal trade is intermitted.

II. — DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

1. *Archdiocese of New York: Pastorals.* — 2. *Diocese of Brooklyn.* — 3. *Diocese of Albany.* — 4. *Diocese of Louisville.* — 5. *Diocese of Milwaukee.* — 6. *Diocese of Hartford.* — 7. *Archdiocese of Cincinnati.* — 8. *Diocese of Wheeling.* — 9. *Diocese of Erie.* — 10. *Archdiocese of New Orleans.* — 11. *Catholicity in Minnesota.* — 12. *Missionaries for California.* — 13. *Arrival of the Bishops in Europe.* — 14. *Religious Receptions.*

1. *Archdiocese of New York: Pastorals.*

The Pastoral Letter of the Archbishop and Bishops of the Provinces of New York is upon our table. This important document is so fraught with lessons of the deepest interest not only to the Catholics of New York, but to those of the whole country, that a cursory notice would be doing it an injustice; it will, therefore, appear entire in the next number. — The Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, before his departure to Europe, addressed a Pastoral Letter to the clergy and laity of his diocese. The learned Prelate opens his Pastoral by stating the solemn occasion which calls him to the Eternal City, and by recommending himself to the prayers of his clergy, and to the faithful under their charge. He then proceeds to announce the regulations for the Jubilee in his diocese, and directs that the alms offered by the faithful during the time of the Jubilee within the City of New York, be given to the Sisters of Mercy, to be applied by them in the works of charity to which they are so assiduously devoted. In speaking of those excellent Sisters, the Archbishop uses the following language:

"It is not, dearly beloved brethren, that the Sisters of Mercy are dearer to us than other communities who labor with equal zeal in the service of our Lord. But there are many things which especially recommend their works of mercy to the charity of the faithful. Their object is to protect the innocent, virtuous and destitute of their own sex, from the dangers to which they are exposed in a city like New York. In this they know no distinction of creed. And if it has happened that more Catholics than Protestants have found shelter and protection under their roof, it is only because more of the former than of the latter have sought such protection. But their door and their hearts are equally open to all. And it is with pleasure that we say, that they have received from many Protestants not only encouragement but substantial assistance. The purpose of their charity is not (to outward appearance) so much to do good, as to anticipate and prevent evil. Now, this prevention of evil is something of which men cannot take cognizance. It is something to be revealed only on the day of judgment. We have ascertained, not from them, but through their chaplain, that the number of sick poor whom they have often visited, administered both consolation and relief, is between one and two thousand. The number of poor virtuous girls whom they have been enabled to place in situations, is eight thousand six hundred and eighty-five. The number to whom they have afforded protection in the House of Mercy, two thousand three hundred and twenty-three. The number in their House, at present, is one hundred and ten. We mention these things, dearly beloved brethren, to show you, that in directing the alms of the Jubilee to the Sisters of Mercy, your charity will not be misplaced."

He recommends the establishing a Magdalen Asylum in the City of New York under the care of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, and in referring to the importance and manifold advantages that would flow from such an institution, he says:

"In separating ourselves from you for a time, our heart would be sad, indeed, if we did not hope to be useful in promoting the interests of charity and humanity even during our absence. We have often seen, with inexpressible sorrow, that among the lost to virtue, there are many, who in the time of repentance, have not the good fortune to be under the protection of the Sisters of Mercy, or any other sisters. What is to become of them? Can nothing be done for them? When a shipwreck occurs on the ocean, how slight is the plank or spar, which, with the blessing of God, may be the means of saving more than one precious life! And so in the moral order. Misfortune, not less than depravity, has much to do with the shipwreck of female virtue. Shall we not throw out a spar or plank to save one, even though it should be only one out of a hundred, desirous to return to hope and life?"

2. Diocese of Brooklyn.

The Jubilee was opened on the 1st of November and is to continue to the 1st of February. It is truly gratifying to observe at this very time, while fanaticism is endeavoring to enkindle the torch of persecution against our Catholic fellow-citizens of the country, so many evidences of the increase and spread of Catholicity in our midst. Almost every day brings the intelligence of the founding or dedication of some new Catholic church. On Sunday, the 29th of October, the beautiful church of St. Mary's, at Williamsburg, erected by the zeal of the Rev. Mr. McLaughlin, was dedicated by the Right Rev. Dr. McLaughlin, Bishop of Brooklyn. The edifice is a spacious one, capable of accommodating nearly three thousand persons, and was erected at a cost, including the lot, of about \$30,000. — Subsequently, the same Prelate laid the foundation stone of St. Patrick's Church, East Brooklyn. The building is to be constructed in the Gothic style, and is to be of the following dimensions: Length 145 feet; width 75 feet; height of the nave 56 feet; the main tower in front 18 feet at the base and 120 feet in height; with two small towers 60 feet high.

3. Diocese of Albany.

From the gratifying prospects which attend the spread of Catholicity in our cities, we are called to contemplate the extension of our holy faith in regions where the bear and the wild deer still roam almost unmolested, and where, until recently, the sound of the mass bell nor the voice of the Catholic Missionary had not been heard. A few months ago, the Rev. Eugene Carroll was appointed by the Rt. Rev. Dr. McCloskey to a mission in the centre of his diocese, embracing the counties of Green, Ulster, Delaware and Schoharie, a territory of one hundred and sixty miles in length, by nearly one hundred

wide. In this vast region there are *seventy-three* stations, which are visited and where mass is celebrated by this zealous and indefatigable missionary. On the last Sunday in October, the Rt. Rev. Bishop visited a portion of Father Carroll's scattered flock, and in Green county alone confirmed *two hundred and seventy-three* persons, five of whom were converts, having been received into the Church by the Rev. Missionary.

4. Diocese of Louisville.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding has addressed a Pastoral Letter to the clergy and laity of his diocese, announcing the Jubilee. The distinguished Prelate concludes his Pastoral in these words :

"Finally, we entreat you, beloved brethren, to avail yourselves of these days of salvation, to pour forth earnest and loving prayers for the spiritual and temporal welfare of those misguided persons who, in this day of boasted light and liberty, are engaged in 'reviling you, and persecuting you, and speaking all that is evil against you untruly, for Christ's sake.' Instead of resenting this crying injustice, and returning evil for evil or railing for railing, you should seek on the contrary, to overcome evil by good; and you should not forget that a divine command enjoins it upon you, as a solemn obligation, 'to love your enemies.' Under the 'persecution which you suffer for justice sake, you should even 'be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in heaven.'"

5. Diocese of Milwaukee.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Henni visited the south-western portion of his diocese in the early part of October, and dedicated a beautiful church at Benton under the patronage of St. Patrick. On the 22nd of the same month he laid the corner-stone of a new and spacious church at Mineral Point. During his visit to that section of his diocese, the zealous Bishop administered Confirmation to nearly four hundred persons. A fair has been announced at Milwaukee for the benefit of St. Rose's Orphan Asylum, which is under the care of the Sisters of Charity.

6. Diocese of Hartford.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, Bishop of Hartford, has issued a Pastoral Letter to the clergy and laity of his diocese, announcing the Jubilee. The letter abounds with salutary counsels especially applicable to the present time. In alluding to the present hostility openly manifested towards Catholicity in this country, the Prelate says:

"The church of the living God, as is usual where prejudice gets the better of reason, and passion alone is privileged to rule, is now visited with the most gross misrepresentations; doctrines which it abhors, and practices which it is occupied in repressing, are unblushingly attributed to it; its priests, occupied in the duties of their sacred calling, and offering offence to none, are assailed with the lowest and grossest reviling; whilst its best and most devoted members are ungenerously pursued with calumny and hatred that know no bounds.

"Divine Charity, so essential to the peace and happiness of men, and so strongly and frequently enforced of God, is to a great extent ignored, and apparently eradicated from the hearts of great numbers. This amiable virtue, will, doubtless, survive the shock it is receiving, and yet comfort those who are systematically opposed to it."

8. Archdiocese of Cincinnati.

The corner-stone of a new church was recently laid at Mount Pleasant, eight miles from Cincinnati. The Ecclesiastical Seminary of St. Thomas, in the City of Cincinnati, has been recently enlarged by the addition of a spacious wing. The institution is in the most flourishing condition. The number of students in it at present is forty-five. A new college, under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Ford, is at present being erected near Chillicothe, Ohio.

8. Diocese of Wheeling.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Whelan dedicated, on Sunday, the 5th of November, a handsome little church at Wellsburg, Va. The Bishop preached on the occasion, and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to twenty-three persons, some of whom were converts.

9. *Diocese of Erie.*

The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Erie has addressed a Pastoral Letter to the clergy and faithful of his diocese, in which he announces that the Jubilee would commence on November the 12th, and continue to the 12th of February. The new and handsome church of St. Mary's, at Dunkirk, was dedicated by the Bishop on the 12th ult.

10. *Archdiocese of New Orleans.*

The Most Rev. Archbishop of New Orleans, previous to his departure for Europe, addressed a Pastoral Letter to the faithful of his diocese, announcing that the Jubilee would commence on November 1st and terminate on the 1st of February. On the 4th of November he sailed from New York, on his way to Rome.

11. *Catholicity in Minnesota.*

A letter received from a Missionary in Minnesota gives the most gratifying account of the spread of Catholicity in this distant territory. In the little village of Joseph-anapolis, and in the vicinity, there are two thousand inhabitants, including the Indians, and they are all Catholics except three individuals, and two of these are parsons who are there under the title of missionaries. There are three Catholic schools already established, one English, another French, and a third for the instruction of the Indians in their own language.

12. *Departure of Missionaries for California.*

Rev. A. Masnata, S. J., Rev. A. Maraschi, S. J., Rev. C. A. Messea, S. J., and C. Nobile, a lay brother, S. J., left New York for California, October the 5th. They are to take charge of the College of Santa Clara, in the Golden State, and all belonged to the Turin province of Italy. And on the 13th of the same month, the Very Rev. H. P. Gallagher, the Rev. Father Congiati, S. J., eight Sisters of Mercy, five Sisters of Notre-Dame, two Jesuit lay-brothers, and a number of friends of these parties sailed in the steamer Star of the West, via San Juan and the Nicaragua route, for San Francisco. May the fervent prayers of the faithful attend them to the scene of their labors.

13. *Arrival of the Bishops in Europe.*

Letters by the America announce the safe arrival at Liverpool of the Most Rev. Dr. Kenrick, Archbishop of Baltimore, the Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburg, and the Rev. Mr. Foley, Secretary to the Archbishop. They proceeded to London, and called on our Minister, Mr. Buchanan, who gave them a prompt reception. They visited Cardinal Wiseman, with whom they dined, and on the following day they set out, accompanied by the distinguished Cardinal, via Paris, for the Eternal City. On the Sunday that intervened during the voyage, the Most Rev. Archbishop, by invitation of the captain, preached on board the Atlantic, and appropriate prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Foley. The Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Timon, Bishop of Buffalo, also arrived safely in Liverpool, after a somewhat tedious passage of thirteen days. They were in excellent health.

14. *Religious Profession.*

On the 11th ult. Margaret McKee, of Baltimore, was admitted to the Religious Profession by the Rev. Father Villiger, S. J., in the Chapel of the Convent of the Visitation, Frederick City, Md.; and at the same time the white veil was given to Miss Lizzie McDonald, who took the name in religion of Sr. Mary Ignatia.

III.—SECULAR AFFAIRS.

1. *Diplomatic Troubles.*—Mr. Soule, our Minister to Spain, has been denied permission to pass through France from England, on his way to Madrid. At first fears were entertained in some quarters, that this action on the part of the Imperial government, would

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be regarded here as a national insult; subsequent advices from Europe, however, announce that the prohibition has been rescinded, and here the affair has ended. What the particular reasons were, which induced the French Government to take this step, have not transpired. Mr. Soule's personal career, since his appointment, has been very unfortunate; little in it to admire, and less to approve.

Important elections have taken place in many sections of the country within the last few weeks. In New York a triangular contest took place between the Whig, Democratic and Know Nothing parties for governor, which resulted in the total defeat of the Know Nothings, and the triumph of the Whigs and the elevation of Mr. Clark to the gubernatorial chair by a small majority over Mr. Seymour, the Democratic candidate. The Whigs and Know Nothings have elected a majority of the Congressmen. — In Pennsylvania, the Whigs have elected their governor by a large majority. — In Michigan and in Massachusetts the Know Nothings have prevailed. — The same party has triumphed in the City of Baltimore by the election of Mr. Hinks to the Mayoralty. — In Utah and Texas numerous and shocking murders have been committed on the white settlers by the Indians. In some instances the savages boldly encountered the United States troops, and in the contests which ensued, several of the latter were killed.

2. MARINE DISASTERS. — A number of melancholy disasters have happened within the last few weeks. Scarcely a day has passed without bringing an account of some fearful catastrophe, on sea or land, by which hundreds of human beings have been ushered into eternity without a moment's warning. The steamer *Arctic*, on her passage from Liverpool, came in collision with the French steamer *Vesta*. The *Arctic* at the time was about forty miles off Cape Race, and moving at the rate of thirteen knots an hour, in the midst of a dense fog. The ill-fated vessel was so injured by the concussion, that she sunk in a few hours afterwards, and of the 401 human beings she had on board, only about 200 were saved. The heroic Captain Luce, who was at first supposed to have been lost with the vessel, was subsequently taken from a portion of the wreck, with several of the crew and passengers, by Captain Russel, of the *Cambria*. The *Vesta* lost thirteen of her passengers by the collision.

On the night of the 12th ult., the ship *New Era* was driven upon the Jersey coast, near Long Branch, about 35 miles from New York, and was totally wrecked, with the loss of two hundred and fifty lives. The vessel was from Bremen, and most of the unfortunate victims were German emigrants.

The steamer *Yankee Blade* was wrecked, by running on a rock, at Point Conception, not far from San Francisco, on the first of October. She had on board at the time, about 900 persons, 12 of whom were lost by the sinking of a small boat, during the process of landing the passengers on the beach, which was not far distant. The sea was rough, and as night approached, it was found impossible to proceed with the work of landing, and the general impression was that the steamer would go to pieces before morning. In such a condition, with death before their eyes, with their lives suspended by a single thread, with the gulf opening beneath their feet, we might suppose that every passion in the human breast would bow submission, and that the veriest fiend would quail before the impending danger that seemed ready to crush him from existence. The scenes, however, which took place on board of the steamer during that awful night, add but another demonstration to the truth that the wicked and hardened in crime will pursue their vicious course even upon the brink of the grave. The horrid scenes that occurred on the steamer at the very time when every one looked for immediate destruction, is thus described by an eye-witness:

"There were twenty or twenty-five wretches on board who were determined to take advantage of the confusion and commit a general robbery. No sooner was the favoring mantle of darkness spread over the sky, than they hurried down into the steerage and began to examine the clothes in the berths and to cut open the carpet bags. What was done down there no honest man knows; or at least we have not been able to find one. About seven o'clock the cry of murder was heard in the steerage, and about the same time two pistol shots were heard. Who was the murderer, and who the murdered, no one knew.

"A number of persons started to go down into the steerage, but the steps were taken away by those below, and threats were made, that no man should come down there alive. During the night some further scenes of violence occurred. A number of persons were assaulted. One person was knocked down and compelled, with a pistol at his breast, to give up his money. Another was robbed, and an attempt was made to throw him overboard. A number more of similar cases occurred."

3. RIOTS. — We regret that we have again to record the occurrence of several disgraceful riots. At Williamsburg, New York, a riot took place on the day of election for Governor, during which a Mr. Harrison was killed. On the Thursday night following a lawless mob paraded the streets, in a state of the wildest excitement. A few Irishmen, who happened to fall in their way, were badly beaten, but the cry of "down with the churches," which was repeated as they progressed, revealed the true object for which they had assembled. After discharging a number of shots, and making the night hideous with their yells, they made an attack upon the two Catholic churches in the town. They furiously tore down the iron cross over the gateway of one of them, St. Peter's; stoned the front windows, and broke in the panels of the door. They then called for straw and matches to fire the building, and no doubt would have accomplished their design, but for the timely arrival of the sheriff and the mayor, who had promptly called out the military. — An abolition riot occurred at Worcester on the 20th of October, during which Mr. A. O. Bateman, who had been active in arresting several fugitive slaves, narrowly escaped with his life.

4. REVISION OF THE BIBLE. — One of the latest movements in this strange nineteenth century, is that undertaken by a few of our Doctors of Divinity, "to revise and correct the Holy Bible." To forward this end, a meeting was recently called in our own city, at the Rev. Mr. Williams' (First Baptist) church. The Rev. gentleman, after stating to his hearers the object for which they were convened, introduced the Rev. Dr. Judd, of New York. For fear of being misunderstood, we will give the substance of the Doctor's remarks as reported in one of our daily papers:

"He commenced by referring to the necessity there was for the apostles to give such records of the divine truth as were required for an infallible guide to all future generations, otherwise corrupt teachings would have impaired them. No language could have transmitted the scripture so truthfully as the ancient Greek, and stand the mutilations of time — in this language it was first recorded. The letters of the apostles to the different churches of that day, in the Hebrew, were retained and recorded down as the revealed will of God, but these original copies had ceased to exist — none were known to exist later than the third century — constant use had worn them out and new copies were necessary from time to time.

"He referred to the fact of the Greek language being superseded by the Latin, and that again by the other languages of more modern Europe, and into all of which the Bible had been translated, thereby giving the greater opportunity for errors. The inspired original was the only true source from which a correct translation could be obtained. That which disagreed with the divine original was not the word of God, and an effort should be made to accomplish a correct translation. There were many imperfections in the translations now in use — many indeed of no great importance, others, however, were of moment — and these errors should be remedied.

"The speaker alluded generally to the more serious errors which have occurred, and read extracts from the opinions of distinguished theologians and others, who had spoken of the defects in the English translations and the necessity of removing them. The subject was urged with much ability, and the distinguished speaker was listened to throughout with great attention."

This meeting adjourned to the following evening, at which time a regular "Bible Revision Association" was formed, with a President, Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer. One dollar per year will secure the privilege of membership; and a life membership may be purchased at the rate of twenty dollars.

We read the above with mingled feelings of pity and regret for the incredulity of our dissenting fellow-citizens. — As Catholics we receive the Sacred Scriptures under the seal of our church, "the pillar and ground-work of truth;" we believe, we know, we feel with an inherent confidence, which none but a Catholic can feel, that they contain the word of God, without the slightest intermixture or shadow of error. But let us for a moment suppose that we were Protestants; that we had been taught from infancy to look upon the sacred volume as the word of infallible truth; that we had been taught to take the Bible as our sole rule of faith; the infallible guide which was to conduct us safely through this darksome vale to the bright and joyous realms of endless bliss; what would be our feelings, now to be told that this certain rule, this unerring guide, contained "serious errors?" That the rule upon which we had staked the salvation of our immortal souls, was erroneous? that its calculations could not be relied on? If this be true, we would naturally say to ourselves: if this Good Book, which we have hitherto regarded as the word of God, contained "serious errors," (and this we are told on the authority of our ministers,) who knows but that these errors are leading us to the regions where there is naught but wailing and gnashing of teeth?

We make no further comment for the present; we may advert to this subject hereafter.